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"MY 'GOOD FOR NOTHING.'"

BY T. S. T.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun;
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.'

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW long Hyacinth knelt there she never knew. Wave after wave of anguish rolled over her soul—pain after pain, each bitter and keen as death, pierced her heart. Then the great waves seemed to roll back, and one thought stood clearly before her.

He from whom she had fled in sorrowful dismay—he whom she loved more dearly than her own life—he whose contempt and just disdain she had incurred—was coming to Hulme Abbey.

She said the words over and over again to herself, "Adrian is coming—Heaven help and pity me, Adrian is coming!" Great drops stood on her white brow, her whole body trembled as a leaf trembles in the wind.

A wild idea of escape came to her—she could run away—there was time enough. Ah, no! They were coming perhaps to-night, and, if Adrian heard that some one had run away from the house, he would suspect who it was. She wrung her hands like one helpless and hopeless.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "Dear Heaven, have pity on me, for I have suffered enough. What shall I do?"

Another hope came to her. Perhaps, after all, her fears were groundless. Lady Dartelle had said "Lord Chandon." It must be the old lord; she had never heard or read of his death. Adrian was to be Lord Chandon some day; but that day might be far distant yet. She would try to be patient and see; she would try to control her quivering nerves. If it were indeed Adrian, then she must be careful; all hope of escape was quite useless; she must keep entirely to her room until he was gone.

She tried to quiet the trembling nerves, but the shock had been too great for her. Her face was ghastly in its pallor and fear. Clara looked at her in dismay.

"I do not feel well," she said, in a trembling voice; "you shall draw instead of read."

She would have given anything to escape the ordeal of reading to the young ladies. But it must be gone through: they made no allowances for headaches. She found them as little disposed to receive as she was to give a lesson.

"Sit down, Miss Holte," said Veronica; "we will not attend to our French just now; it's such nonsense of mamma to insist upon it! Would you mind threading those beads? I want to make a purse."

She placed a quantity of small gold and silver beads in the young girl's hands, and then eagerly resumed her conversation with her sister.

"I am the elder," she argued; "the first chance and the best chance ought to be mine. I have set my heart on winning Lord Chandos, and I shall think it very unkind of you to interfere."

"You do not know whether he will be willing to be won," said Mildred, sneeringly.

"I can but try; you could do no more. I should like to be Lady Chandon, Mildred. Of course I shall not be unsisterly. If I see that he prefers you, I shall do all in my power to help you; but, if he shows no decided preference, it will not be fair for you to interfere with me."

"He may not like either of us," said Mildred, who enjoyed nothing so much as irritating her sister.

"I have an idea that he is to be won; I feel almost certain of it. Sir Richard Hastings would be a good match too; he is very wealthy and handsome—and so, for that matter, is Major Elton."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Mildred. "You have such confused ideas, Veronica. What was that story mamma was telling you about Lord Chandon?"

"Some doleful romance—I did not listen attentively. I think she said he was engaged, before his uncle's death, to marry some girl he was much attached to, and she ran away. She did something or other horrible, and then fled; I think that was it."

"And does he wear the willow for her still?" asked Mildred.

"I should say he has more sense. When girls do anything horrible, they ought to die. Men never mourn long, you know."

"But what did the girl do?" pursued Mildred. "Did she deceive him, and marry some one else—or what?"

"I did not feel interested enough to listen," replied Veronica. "Mamma seemed to imply everything most terrible; you must consult her if you want to know the particulars. Aubrey says that a man's heart is often caught at a rebound; and he seems to think that if we are kind and sympathizing to Lord Chandon—smoothing his ruffled plumes, you know—one of us cannot fail to win him."

"How long will our visitors remain?" asked Mildred.

"A month; and much may be done in a month, you know. What is that?"

Well might she ask. First the gold and silver beads fell upon the floor; and then the unhappy girl who had held them, white and senseless, fell from the seat, and lay like a crushed and broken lily on the ground.

"Ring the bell," said Veronica; "she has fainted, I suppose. How tiresome! I wonder how it is governesses have such a propensity to faint."

"She looks very ill," observed Mildred, who was perhaps a shade kinder in disposition than her sister. She exerted herself so far as to rise from her seat and cross the room.

"She looks like a beautiful statue; but, if she takes to this kind of thing, mamma will not find her so very useful after all. Here, King," to the servant who entered, "Miss Holte has fainted; attend to her."

And the two sisters swept from the room with the air of very superior beings indeed. They never dreamed of helping the unconscious girl; such condescension would have been far too great.

Mary King and a fellow-servant carried Hyacinth to her room, and laid her on her bed. Kindly hands ministered to her; she was respected and beloved by the servants; who, quick to judge, pronounced her "a real lady"—much more of a lady than the Misses Dartelle. So now in her distress they ministered unto her.

When she opened her eyes, she turned shudderingly from the daylight.

"If I might but die," she said, with a great tearless sob—"if I might but die!"

That she should be looked upon as so utterly lost—as having done something so terrible—seemed worse to her than all.

"I did right to leave them," she said; "and now I shall never look upon them again. I did right to hide myself from the faces of all who knew me. Adrian despises me. I cannot bear it."

Her face burned and her heart beat wildly as she thought of Veronica's insulting words and sneering tones. What she had done was too terrible even for Lady Dartelle to speak of. How rightly she had judged that her proper position was lost for ever! How rightly she had decided that her own deed had banished her for ever from those whom she loved best!

Lady Dartelle, with unusual consideration, had sent word that Miss Holte was not to rise; so Hyacinth lay through the day in a stupor of fear and dread, one prayer on her lips; and that was to die. She lay trying to form feeble plans of escape, and breaking down every now and then with a terrible cry.

Doctor Chalmers had told her, if she wanted a friend, to send for him; but, if he came now, exposure must follow. She was hopeless, helpless, bewildered.

Then she began to think how heavily she had been punished for her sin. Some girls ran away from their home, were married, and lived happily. Why had so cruel a fate befallen her?

She lay until evening, her brain burning, her head aching, her whole body one throb of pain. A new fear came to her. What if that terrible fever came back, robbing her of her senses and reason? They would find out then that she was there in some kind of disguise.

It was night when she heard the sound of carriage wheels; this was followed by a noise as of many arrivals. Her heart gave one great bound, and then seemed to stand still. She did not know how time passed until Mary King entered with a basin of soup.

"They are all gone to dinner, miss," she said, "and the cook has send you this."

"Have the visitors all arrived?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; there seems to be quite a crowd of them. Try to take this—it will do you good."

She tried, but failed. Adrian was there under the same roof, and the wonder was that her sorrow did not kill her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When Hyacinth rose the next morning, it was as though long years had passed over her. Lady Dartelle was not unkind or neglectful. She sent to ask if Miss Holte was better and able to resume her work; she also desired the housekeeper to see that the governess had all she required, and then, thinking that she had done her duty, she forgot all about her.

Hyacinth resumed her work, but a burning thirst was upon her—a thirst that could not be quenched. Adrian was near her, he was under the same roof, he was breathing the same air, his eyes would rest on the same scenes, he would speak every day to the same people.

A fever that nothing could cool seemed to run in her veins; her heart burned, her eyes were hot and weary with watching—a thirst, a longing, a fever, a very madness possessed her, and she could not control it.

She must see him; she must look upon his face, even should his glance slay her—for she had loved him so dearly, and in all her lonely life she had never loved any one else. As flowers thirst in the sultry heat for dew, as the tired deer longs for cooling streams, so she craved for one glance at the face that had made all the sunshine and brightness of earth for her.

She did hard battle with herself. She told herself a hundred times each day that she was weak and foolish, that the bright young Hyacinth Vaughan whom Adrian had loved was dead, sorrowful Millicent Holte who lived in her place had nothing to do with the noble gentleman, Lord Chandon. Still she could not trample the old love under her feet—she could not still the voice of her heart which cried so loudly for this one passing gleam of comfort—she could not resist it. She must look once more upon his face, and then, if need were, she would die. It might be—so great was her love, so great was her sorrow—that the glance would kill her. She smiled as she asked herself what sweeter death could she die?

So she watched and waited. She promised herself this one short glimpse of happiness. She would look on his face, giving full vent to all the passionate love of her heart, and then welcome coldness, darkness, oblivion, and death.

Once, in crossing the upper corridor, the door of the billiard-room suddenly opened and she heard the sound of laughter and of many voices; his was amongst them—clear, rich, distinct—the old musical tone that had so often made her heart thrill. The sound of it smote her like a deadly blow. She shrank back, pale with the pallor of death, faint, trembling.

"My love, my love!" murmured the white lips. Hyacinth bent eagerly forward—she would have given much to hear the sound again, but it had ceased—the door was closed, and she went on to her own room like one who had stood outside the gates of an earthly paradise, yet knew that those gates were never to be opened.

Her recent experiences increased the fever of her longing—a fever that soon began to show itself in her face. She became unwontedly lovely, her beautiful violet eyes shone with a brilliancy and light almost painful to see, the red lips were parted as the lips of one who suffers from intensity of pain, the white hands grew burning hot; the fever of longing was wearing her very life away, and she thought she could still it by one look at his face. She might as well have tried to extinguish flame by pouring oil upon it. At last the chance she had waited and watched for came. Veronica sent to ask her to go to her room.

"I want you to grant me a great favor," she said. "My maid is correct in her ideas of dress, but she has no idea of flowers. I have some flowers here, and, knowing your great taste, I should be much obliged to you if you would arrange a spray for my hair."

The speech was so unusually civil for Miss Dartelle that the young governess was quite overpowered.

"I will do it with pleasure," she replied.

"I want it to be very nice," said Miss Dartelle, with a conscious smile that was like a dagger in the girl's breast; "one of our visitors—Lord Chandon—seems to have a mania for flowers. I had almost forgotten—are there any white hyacinths amongst the collection?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Do you think there are sufficient to form a nice spray, mixed with some maiden-hair fern?" she asked. "I should be so pleased if you could manage it."

"I will try; but, Miss Dartelle, there are so many other beautiful flowers here—why do you prefer the white hyacinths?"

Her voice faltered as she uttered her name—a name she had never heard since she fled from all that was dearest to her. Miss Dartelle, who happened to be in the most gracious of humors, smiled at the question.

"I was talking to that gentleman—Lord Chandon—yesterday, and I happened to ask him what was his favorite flower. He said the white hyacinth—oh, Miss Holte, what are you doing?"

For the flowers were all falling from the nerveless hands. How could he have said that? Adrian used to call her his white hyacinth. Had he not forgotten her? What could he mean?

"So you see, Miss Holte," continued Miss Dartelle, blandly, "that, as I should like to please his lordship, I shall wear his favorite flowers."

Yes, she saw plainly enough. She remembered one of those happy days at Bergheim when she too had worn some fresh, fragrant hyacinths to please him; and she remembered how he had caressed her, and what loving words he had murmured to her—how he had told her that she was fairer in his eyes than any flower that had ever bloomed—how he had taken one of the hyacinths from her, and looking at it, had said—

"You were rightly named, my love. You are a stately, fair, fragrant hyacinth indeed."

Now—oh, bitter irony of fate!—now he was to make another beautiful with these same flowers, in order to charm him.

"I need not stay to see you do it," said Miss Dartelle. "I am sure that I can rely on your taste. I am going out with my mother."

She smiled very graciously and withdrew, leaving the young girl to her task. Her fingers trembled as she arranged the flowers—white hyacinths. One of her fancies had been that, when she died, because of her name, the flowers would be planted all over her grave. She remembered this fancy as she worked.

"No grave, no death could be worse than this," she said. Then she began to wonder if he would like this Miss Dartelle well enough to marry her.

"He used to say that he liked a fair face," she thought. "But the one face he loved brought him nothing but sorrow. Miss Dartelle has no disgrace, no shame attaching to her. She is a lady, even though she is ill-tempered; while I—ah me!—my name was on every idle lip in England."

She was dead to him and to all the bright past; yet at the very thought of his loving another she grew faint with anguish that had no name. She went to the window and opened it to admit the fresh, cool air; and then the opportunity she had waited and longed for came.

It was a bright clear morning, the sun was shining, and the promise of spring filled the air. She did not think of seeing Adrian then; but the window overlooked the grove of chestnut trees, and he was walking serenely underneath them.

She sank on her knees, and her eyes were riveted on his face with deepest intensity. It was he—Heaven bless him!—looking graver, older, and more careworn, but still the same brave, handsome, noble man. Those were the true clear eyes that had looked so lovingly into her own; those were the lips, so firm, so grave, so kind, that had kissed hers and told her how dear she was to him; those were the hands that had clasped her own.

Shine on him, blessed sun; whisper round him, sweet wind; for there is none like him—none. She envied the sun that shone on him, the breeze that kissed his face. She stretched out her hands to him. "My love," she cried—"my dear lost love." Her wistful longing eyes followed him. This was the one glance that was to cool the fever preying upon her; this was to be her last look on earth at him—and the chestnut grove that was not long—he had passed half way through it already. Soon—oh, so soon—he would pass out of her sight for ever.

Suddenly he stood still and looked down the long forest glade; he passed his hand over his brow, as though to drive away some saddening thought, and her longing eyes never left him. She thanked Heaven for that minute's respite, and drank in the grave manly beauty of his face with eyes that were pitiful to see.

"My love," she murmured, in a low hoarse voice, "if I might but die looking at you."

Slowly the large burning tears gathered in the sorrowful eyes, and sob after sob rose to the quivering lips; it seemed to her that, kneeling there with outstretched hands, she was weeping her life away; and then he began to walk again, and had almost passed out of her sight.

She held out her hands to him with weeping eyes.

"Adrian," she called, "good-bye, my love—good-bye!"

And he, all unconscious of the eyes that were bent upon him, turned away, while the darkness and desolation of death fell over the girl who loved him so dearly.

CHAPTER XXX.

HYACINTH had looked upon Adrian. In her simplicity she had believed that with that one look all her fever of pain would vanish. Had it been so? Three days since she had stood in Miss Dartelle's room, and watched him from the window; and now she looked like one consumed by some hidden fire.

In that great busy household no one noticed her, or possibly remarks would have been made. There was a brilliant flush on the beautiful face, the light in her eyes was unnaturally bright, no lips were ever more crimson. She had slept but little. She had spent the nights in pacing her room, doing battle with her sorrow and her love; she had spent the days in fighting against the physical weakness that threatened to overwhelm her.

"It would have been better," she owned to herself, in a passion of despair, "never to have seen him. That one look upon his face has made me more wretched than ever."

"It is all my own fault," she would say again—"all my own fault—no one is in the least degree to blame but myself. I have brought it all upon myself. If I had been content with my home—satisfied with the gifts Heaven had given to me—if I had refused to listen to Claude's suggestion—if I had been true to my teachings and true to myself, all this would never have happened—I should have been Adrian's wife. There is no one—no one to blame but myself. I have shipwrecked my own happiness, and all I suffer is just punishment."

Like a vision sent purposely to torture her, there came before her a picture of what might have been but for her folly in consenting to meet Claude. By this time she would have been Adrian's wife, living with him in that grand old house he had described to her, loving and beloved, going sometimes to see Lady Vaughan, and brightening the fair old face by the sight of her own great happiness. All this was impossible now because she had been guilty of a terrible folly. It was all at an end. She had to live her own dreary life, and never while the sun shone or the flowers bloomed would the faintest ray of happiness reach her.

What Lady Dartelle had foreseen came to pass. She had so many guests to accommodate that she was obliged to ask Miss Holte to give up her large airy room and take a smaller one on the floor above.

"I hope it will not inconvenience you," said her ladyship. "It will not be for long; we are all going to London in May."

The young governess appeared quite unconcerned, and Lady Dartelle felt more pleased with her than ever.

The window of Hyacinth's new apartment looked upon the rose-garden; and at the end of the rose-garden there ran a long path, where the gentlemen visitors were accustomed to smoke their cigars.

One morning Miss Dartelle, with a smiling face, entered the school-room where the young governess and her little pupil sat. She bowed graciously to "Miss Holte," and kissed Clara.

"We are all alone to-day," she said. "Our visitors have gone over to Broughton Park. Mamma thinks Clara may have a holiday."

The child did not look so pleased as the elder sister expected.

"And, Miss Holte," continued the young lady, "I want to ask you something. You sketch very beautifully, I know. I have seen some of your drawings, and they are exceedingly good." This was a preamble that meant work of some kind. "Have you noticed that very remarkable tree in the park, called 'The King's Oak'? It is a large spreading tree, with an enormous trunk overgrown with ivy, and huge overhanging boughs."

"Yes," was the quiet reply—"I know it very well."

"Lord Chandon has asked me to sketch it for him, Miss Holte. It appears that he is as fond of trees as he is of flowers. I draw very well, but I should like the sketch to be something better than I can do. Will you help me, please?"

"Certainly—if you wish it;" and Hyacinth smiled to herself in bitter scorn. "If he had asked me for a sketch," she thought, "no other fingers should have touched it."

"I thought," resumed Miss Dartelle, "that, as the gentlemen are all away today, we might spend a few hours over it."

The young governess rose instantly.

"If you will put on your hat," said Miss Dartelle, "I will be ready in a few minutes."

Both sisters appeared presently, and they were unusually gracious to Miss Holte. After a pleasant walk they came in sight of the grand old forest-giant. A servant had followed them, bearing camp-stools and all the necessaries for sketching.

"Will you make a sketch of the tree, please, Miss Holte? And, as I must do something towards it, I will work at the minor details."

Hyacinth sat down at some little distance from the tree and began her task. The morning was bright and almost warm. The sisters at times sat and watched her progress, at others walked up and down. They conversed before her as unconcernedly as though she had been one of the branches of the oak tree, and their conversation was all about Lord Chandon. Hyacinth could not hear all they said, but it was evident that Veronica Dartelle was in the highest of spirits, and felt sure of her conquest.

Tired of walking, they sat down at last close to Hyacinth, and Miss Dartelle, turning to her sister, said—

"You have no idea how he has altered since he has been here; he was so dull, so reserved, so gloomly, at first—now he talks quite freely to me."

"He does not seem to say anything to the purpose," sneered Mildered.

"But he will in time, you will see, Milly. If he would only forget that horrid girl!"

"What 'horrid girl'?" asked Mildred, with some curiosity.

"That girl he used to like—the one who did something or other discreditable. Aubrey told mamma that she was a heroine, and one of the noblest and truest girls that ever lived. When Lord Chandon spoke of her to Aubrey the tears were in his eyes. The girl gave some evidence at a trial, it seems, which saved somebody's life, but lost her her home, her friends, and her lover; and she has never been seen since."

"She must have been a great simpleton," said Mildred, contemptuously.

"What would you have done in her place?" asked Veronica.

"I should have let the man die," said her sister. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature, I would not have lost my home, friends, character, lover, and, above all, the chance of being Lady Chandon of Chandon Court, to save the life of any man;" and Mildred Dartelle laughed at the notion of such heroism.

"This girl did. Aubrey says that when Lord Chandon speaks of her it is as though his lips were touched by fire—that he speaks of her as though she had done something no other woman could do. All the men are the same. Major Eton said he would give his right hand to see her. What nonsense!"

"Then does Lord Chandon care for her still?" asked Mildred.

"Not as a lover, I should imagine. He affects the greatest admiration for her, and talks of her incessantly; but I should not think he would ever marry a girl who had compromised herself—besides, he cannot find her. She disappeared after the trial; and the general impression seems to be that she is dead. I will teach him to forget her. You shall come to Chandon Court when I am mistress there, and perhaps we may find a rich husband for you."

"Many thanks," returned Mildred; "perhaps I may find one before you do. Who knows? If Lord Chandon has been so much in love, I do not see how you can hope that he will ever care for you."

"We shall see. Time works wonders." And then Veronica stood up and looked over the governess's shoulder. "That is beautifully done," she said; "but you have not done much—and how your fingers tremble! How pale you are too! Surely you are not ill again, Miss Holte?" she added impatiently.

"I am quite well," answered Hyacinth, coldly; and then with an iron will she put back the surging thoughts and memories that were gradually overcoming her. "I will think when I am alone," she said to herself—"now I must work."

And work she did—so well that in a short time the sketch was almost completed. Presently Veronica came up to her again, and took the pencil from her hands.

"I must do a little," she said; and she finished some of the shading, and then signed her initials in the corner—"V. D."—and laughed as she did so.

"If Lord Chandon praises the sketch, Miss Holte," she said, "I will repeat his compliments to you. He cannot help being pleased with it, it is so beautifully done. You are a true artist."

"I am glad that you are pleased with it," Hyacinth replied.

And then she began to wonder. She had often been out sketching with Adrian, and he had given her many valuable hints. Would he recognize her pencil? Would it be possible? And then she laughed to herself, and said it was only an idle fear—only her nervous imagination that troubled her.

She would not allow herself to think until the walk home was over and she was in her own room; and then she sat down to ponder calmly all that the sisters had been saying.

If what they said was true—and they had no motive for speaking falsely—Adrian did not hate her—he did not even despise her. He had called her true and brave; he had spoken of her with admiration and with tears in his eyes. Ah, thank Heaven for that! Her heart had almost withered believing in his contempt. She knew his estimation of women to be so high that she had not believed it possible he could do anything but hate her. Yet he did not hate her. Tears such as she had not shed since her troubles began fell like rain from her eyes—tears that cooled the cruel fever, that were like healing drops. It seemed as though one half her sorrow had vanished—Adrian did not hate her.

Life would be a thousand times easier now. She felt that no greater happiness could have been bestowed upon her than to know that he thought well of her.

Of course, as Miss Dartelle said, he could never marry her—she had compromised herself. The old sweet tie between them could never be renewed. Less than ever now could she bear the thought of meeting him; but the sharpest sting of her pain was gone—he did not hate her.

It was out of the question that he could marry her. He could not marry a girl who had been a subject of public gossip; his name, one of the oldest and most honored in England, could not be shared with one like her.

She was still dead to him, but how much lighter the load was to her! His hatred and contempt had weighed her to the very earth—had bowed her beautiful head in unutterable shame. That was all gone now; he knew the worst there was to know of her, and yet he had called her brave and true. He had mourned for her, he liked to talk about her, and they all believed her dead.

"So I am, my darling," she sobbed; "I would not make myself known for all the world. In time you will forget me and learn to be happy with some one else. I would not be so selfish as to let you know that I am living. He will love me dead—he will forget all my errors, and remember only that I cared for him so much more than any one else can care. I little thought a few weeks since that so much happiness was in store for me. I have looked upon his face again; and I know that he speaks kindly of me. I shall never see him more, but my life will be brighter."

The rest of that day passed like a tranquil dream; a deep sweet calm had fallen over her, the hot flush died from her face, her eyes lost their unnatural brilliancy. Little Clara, looking at her governess, said—

"How beautiful you are, Miss Holte! You look as though you had been talking to the angels."

"So I have," she replied—"the angels of comfort and peace."

That night Hyacinth slept, and when she stood before her glass the next morning so much of her beauty had been restored to her that she blushed as she looked at herself. On this eventful morning Clara was not well.

"Let us go down to the shore," she begged; "I cannot learn any lessons or do anything until we have been there."

The young governess complied with the child's wish. It was not nine o'clock when they left the house.

"The sea is rough this morning," said Clara. "Do you hear how hollow the sound of the waves is? I like high waves—they are all foam."

They hurried down to the shore. The waves ran high; they broke on the sands in great sheets of foam; they seemed to be contesting with each other which should be swiftest.

"I am sure they are playing, Miss Holte," cried the child, clapping her little hands for joy. "Let us sit down and watch them."

"I am afraid it is too cold for you to sit

down; I must wrap you in my shawl and hold you in my arms, Clara."

So they sat, the child crying out with delight when one wave higher than the others broke at their feet. The fresh salt breeze brought a lovely color into Hyacinth's face, and there were peace and serenity in the depths of her beautiful eyes.

Governess and pupil were suddenly startled by seeing a gentleman hastening to them across the sands. The child sprang from the gentle arms that encircled her.

"It is my brother," she cried—"my brother Aubrey!"

The gentleman caught the little figure in his arms.

"I thought it was a mermaid, Clara—upon my word I did. What are you doing here?"

"We came to watch the waves—Miss Holte and I both love the waves."

Sir Aubrey looked round and with some difficulty repressed a cry of astonishment as his eyes fell upon Hyacinth's lovely face. He raised his hat and turned to his little sister.

"You must introduce me, Clara," he said. The child smiled.

"I do not know how to introduce people," she returned, with a happy little laugh. "Miss Holte, this is my big brother, Aubrey—Aubrey, this is Miss Holte, and I love her with all my heart."

They both laughed at the quaint introduction.

"That is charming, Clara. Now may I stay for a few minutes, and watch the waves with you?"

"You must ask Miss Holte," said the child.

"Miss Holte, will you give me the required permission?" he inquired.

"You must ask Lady Dartelle, Sir Aubrey; "we are supposed to take all our walks by ourselves."

The blush and the smile made her so attractive that without another word Sir Aubrey sat down by her side. He was careful to keep Clara in his arms, lest Miss Holte should take her by the hand and retire.

"How is it, Miss Holte," he said, "that I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before?"

"I do not know," she replied; "unless it is because my duties have never brought me into that part of the house where you, Sir Aubrey, happened to be."

"I knew Clara had a governess, but I did not know——" "that she was young and beautiful," he was about to add; but one look at the lovely face checked the words on his lips. "I did not know anything more," he said. "Are you in the habit of coming to the shore every morning?"

"Yes," said Clara; "we love the waves."

"I wish I were a wave," said Sir Aubrey, laughingly.

The child looked up him with great solemn eyes.

"Why, brother?" she asked.

"Because then you would love me."

"I love you now," said Clara, clasping her arms round his neck and kissing his face.

"You are a dear loving little child," he said, and his voice was so sincere that Miss Holte forgot her shyness and looked at him.

He was a stately gentleman, not handsome, but a face full of decision and truth. He had frank clear eyes, a good mouth, with kindly lines about it, a quantity of clustering brown hair, and a brown beard. It was a true face, and the young governess liked him at once. Nothing in his appearance, however, caused her to take such deep interest in him, but solely the fact that he was Adrian's friend.

Perhaps even that very morning he had been conversing with Adrian—had perhaps touched his hand. She knew for certain that Adrian had spoken to him of her. Her beautiful eyes lingered on his face as though she would fain read all his thoughts.

On his part, Sir Aubrey Dartelle was charmed with the young governess. He said to himself that he had never any one half so fair, half so lovely, and he vowed to himself that it should not be his fault if he did not meet her again and again.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SIR AUBREY DARTELLE did not forget that interview; the beautiful face of the young governess haunted him. He went to the sea-shore in the hope of meeting her, but she was prudent, and did not go thither. She knew Lady Dartelle's wish was that she should not meet any of her visitors—above all, her son. Indeed, when the young girl thought of all that might arise from even that interview, she became frightened.

Those words of Veronica's were always present to her—"He cannot marry her because she has compromised herself." She would not have Adrian see her in this, her fallen and altered state, for the whole world. More than ever she wished to hide herself under the mantle of obscurity. He believed her dead; and, in her noble, generous, self-sacrificing love, she said to herself that it was better it should be so. Suppose that Sir Aubrey should say something to Lord Chandon about her, and he should ask to see her? She must be prudent, and not let Sir Aubrey see her again.

So the Baronet walked disconsolately along the shore, but the lovely face he had seen there once was not to be met again. He determined that he would see her. She evidently loved Clara, and Clara loved her. It was plain, too, that they spent all their time together. Consequently, wherever Clara went, she would go. He would propose to take the child over to Broughton Park, under the pretext of showing her the beautiful swans there. Most certainly, if she went, the governess would go.

He was absorbed in his plan, and, walking one morning with Lord Chandon, he was so long silent that his companion looked into his face with a smile.

"What are you thinking about, Aubrey?" he asked. "I have never seen you so meditative before."

The Baronet laughed in his gay, careless fashion.

"I have never had the same cause," he said. "I have seen a face that haunts me, and I cannot forget it.

One of the peculiarities of Lord Chandon was that he never laughed after the fashion of many men, and never jested about affaires du cœur. There was no answering smile on his face as he said, kindly—

"There is no cure for that. I know what it is to be haunted through long days and longer nights by one fair face."

"My mother has such a lovely governess," said Sir Aubrey confidingly. "I have never seen a face so beautiful. It seems to me that they keep her a close prisoner, and I am quite determined to see her again."

"Of what use will that be?" inquired Lord Chandon. "Her face haunts you now, you say; the chances are that if you see her again it will trouble you still more. You cannot marry her; why fall in love with her?"

"I have not fallen in love with her yet," said Sir Aubrey; "but I shall if I see much more of her. As for not marrying her, I do not see why I should not. She is fair, graceful, and lovely."

"Still, perhaps she is not the kind of lady you should marry. Let the little child's governess remain in peace, Aubrey. Straight ways are the best ways."

"You are a good fellow," returned the young Baronet, easily touched by good advice. "I should like to see you happier, Adrian."

"I shall live my life," said Lord Chandon—and his voice was full of pathos—"do my duty, and die like a Christian; I hope; but my earthly happiness died when I lost my love."

"That was a sad affair," remarked Sir Aubrey.

"Yes; we will not discuss it. I only mention it to warn you as to admitting the love of any woman into your heart, for you can never drive it away again."

That day, after the gentlemen had entered the drawing-room, Sir Aubrey went up to Lady Dartelle. She was both proud and fond of her handsome son, who, as a rule, could do pretty much as he liked with her.

"Mother," he said, "why does not little Clara come down sometimes?"

"She can come, my dear Aubrey, whenever you wish," was the smiling reply.

"And her governess—that she is never asked to play or sing?"

At the mention of the word "governess" Lady Dartelle became suspicious.

"He has seen her," she thought, "and has found out how pretty she is."

"One of our arrangements," she said, aloud, "was that Clara's governess was not to be asked into the drawing-room when we had visitors."

"Why not?" inquired the Baronet, carelessly.

"My dear boy, it would not be prudent; and it would displease your sisters very much, and perhaps interfere with their plans and wishes."

"Being a very pretty—nay, almost lovely girl, she is to be punished for her beauty, then, by being shut out of all society?"

"How do you know she is beautiful?" asked Lady Dartelle. "Do not speak too loudly, my dear; your sisters may hear you."

"I saw her the other morning on the shore, and I tell you honestly, mother, I think her the most beautiful girl I have ever seen; and she is as good as she is beautiful."

"How do you know that?" asked Lady Dartelle, a little anxiously.

"Because she told me quite frankly that you did not wish her to be in the way of visitors, and because she has kept out of my way ever since."

"She is a prudent girl," said Lady Dartelle. "Aubrey, my dear, I know how weak young men are in the matter of beauty. Do not try to get up a flirtation with her. Your sisters do not like her very much; and, if there should be anything of what I have mentioned, I shall be obliged to send her away at once. Your own good sense must tell you that."

"My sisters are—what they are," returned Sir Aubrey, indignantly; "all women are jealous of each other, I suppose."

"Aubrey," said Lady Dartelle, thinking it advisable to change the subject of conversation, "tell me whether you think either Veronica or Mildred has any chance of succeeding with Lord Chandon."

"Not the least in the world, I should say," he replied. "I fancied when he came down that he might take kindly to a little consolation; now I know there is not the least chance."

"Why not?" inquired his mother.

"Because of his love for that brave girl, Miss Vaughan; he will never care for any one else while he lives."

Lady Dartelle's face fell considerably.

"I thought he fancied her dead," she observed.

"So he does, and so she must be; or, with all the search that has been made for her, she would have been found."

"But, Aubrey, if she were living, and he did find her, do you really think that he would marry her?"

"Indeed he would, mother. Were she alive, he would marry her to-morrow if he could."

"After that terrible expose!" cried Lady Dartelle.

"There was nothing terrible in it," he opposed. "The worst thing the girl did was to half-elope with one of the best partis in England. If she had completed the elopement, every one would have admired her, and she would have been received at once amongst the spotless band of English matrons. The very truth and sincerity with which the girl told her story ennobled her in the eyes of every sensible person."

"Well," said Lady Dartelle, with a sigh, "if you really think, my dear, that there is no chance of his liking either of the girls, I should not ask him to prolong his visit."

"I will remember, mother," he said. "Will it console you to know that Sir Richard told me yesterday that he had never seen such a perfectly-shaped hand as Mildred's?"

"Did he? Mildred likes him, I think. It would be such a comfort to me, Aubrey, if one or the other were married."

"While there's life there's hope. Here comes Major Elton to remind me of my engagement to play a billiard match. Good night, mother."

But after a few days the good-natured Baronet returned to the charge, and begged hard that Clara might be allowed to go to Broughton Park to see the swans. He thought, as a matter of course, that the governess would go with her; but, to make more sure, he added—

"Be good-natured for once, mother, and let the governess go. I promise neither to speak to her nor to look at her."

But in the morning, when the carriage came round, and little Clara, flushed with excitement, took her seat by Lady Dartelle's side, Sir Aubrey looked in vain for the lovely face and graceful figure. He went to the side of the carriage.

"Mother," he said, in a low voice, "where is Miss—I do not even know her name—the governess?"

"My dear Aubrey," replied Lady Dartelle, "the governess is, fortunately, a very sensible young woman, and when I mentioned the matter to her she positively and resolutely declined to come. I quite approve of her resolution. I have no doubt that she will greatly enjoy a day to herself."

They little dreamed what this day was to bring forth. They were to lunch and dine at Broughton Park, and then drive home in the evening. Veronica in the highest of spirits—for Lord Chandon, declining to ride, had taken his seat in the carriage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

NEITHER WRITTEN NOR PRINTED.—A curious book, in which the text is neither written nor printed, but woven, has recently been published in Lyons. It was made of silk, and was published in 25 parts, each part containing but two leaves.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.—When any one dies in the Fiji Islands a whale's tooth is placed in the hands of the corpse, the missile to be thrown at a tree, which stands as a guidepost to point the road to Heaven and the road that leads to the realms of his Satanic Majesty.

THE WALTZ.—A young Australian traveler claims to have discovered that the waltz was the creation of the ostriches of Africa. He asserts that every morning at sunrise these amiable birds assemble in groups and begin a regular and graceful movement which is none other than the waltz.

FISH FLOUR.—A remarkable article—namely, fish-flour—has been brought forward in the last few years. It is not as yet manufactured in any great quantity, as the article is still new in the market, and consequently there is no great demand for it. The flour is prepared from dried fish of the quantity, thoroughly desiccated, and then ground in a mill.

IN JAPAN.—Among the smaller, but still curious and interesting, evidences of the desire of the Japanese to acquire European languages is the fact that the Roman letters, small and capitals, and the Arabic numerals, are to be founded worked up ingeniously as patterns stamped upon the common cotton stuff used by the peasantry for their dresses. The effect is curious, but the combinations are so cleverly made that it is not nearly so bad as would be imagined.

ABOUT THE CHRYSOPHRASE.—The chrysophrase, which has been spoken of as a fashionable gem, is a species of agate which is semi-transparent. It is found in a natural state chiefly in Silesia. It is not a new stone, but has been known for centuries. There is a chapel in Prague where the entire walls are inlaid with it. The color of chrysophrase is a pale, yellow green. It has been quite successfully imitated in ordinary agate, so that the price of the stone is comparatively low. It is the apostolic stone of St. Paul, and according to superstition it confers upon the wearer the gifts of eloquence, argument and logic. If the stone becomes a fad of the hour, it will hardly be because of its symbolic meaning, for the gifts of argument have never been a popular attraction of womankind.

THE COURAGE OF ELEPHANTS.—They will submit day after day to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent. No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance take the following incident, which recently occurred in India and was communicated to the writer. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from the rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which, however, was killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.

TROUBLE.—In time of trouble there is something to do more than merely express sympathy. Nearly always some real help is possible, and to discover what that is and to extend it simply and generously is the task of every one who wishes to be a friend in time of need. But this takes not only love and compassion and good wishes, but also judgment, discrimination, thought, and patience. It is largely because these qualities are so seldom brought into exercise at such times that sympathy so often seems powerless for any efficient help. Each case must be studied by itself, its past causes fathomed, its present grief appreciated, its future effects weighed, the possible means of relief considered, before true help can be extended. This habit of thoughtfulness is easy enough when we are contemplating an enterprise of our own; why then should it be put aside when we approach so difficult and so delicate a task as that of giving real succor and comfort to others in time of need?

VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MINNIE M. OLNEY

With the happy days of childhood,
Life has lost a careless grace,
There's a sweetness that is missing
In the after paths we trace.

Joys in fuller, richer measure
Come to bless the later days;
But we miss the gladsome frolic
'Long the old familiar ways.

Other feet now tread the pathway
To the schoolhouse on the hill,
Ringing voices wake the echoes,
Making music 'round it still.

Other hands are weaving garlands
Of the leaves or flowers of May,
And the sunlight fondly lingers
On fair faces there to-day.

Do the breezes ever whisper
Of the brows they kissed of old,
Of the locks of hair they lifted
In the same sweet sunshine's gold?

Ah! we miss the old-time faces,
But the years have come between:
All have changed since days of childhood,
Some are 'neath the churchyard's green.

We who tread life's dusty highway,
Pressing off the thorns of pain,
Long to live the days of childhood,
Twine its daisy wreaths again.

Woven in with golden visions,
Threaded o'er with love and truth—
Fairer crown than fame or glory
Were the garlands of our youth.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As the train slowed down and ran into the station, Hayes turned to Hugh, and said—

"If you have any consideration for my wife's reputation, Mr. Mackenzie, you will get back to Mackenzie House as quickly as possible, and show yourself among the people there."

"I will do whatever you ask of me," Hugh answered, "when you make your request on those grounds. I only wish you would believe that my conduct this morning has been innocent of all intention to harm her in any way. Ah, well," he added, as Hayes turned away impatiently, "perhaps you will believe it some day, and then you will have to confess you did us both—but more especially your wife—a great injustice. I have no right to ask, of course, but I should take it as a great favor if you would tell me your immediate plans."

Hayes looked astonished at the request, but answered with formal politeness that he intended to take his wife direct to Cruxwold; and with that Hugh had to be content.

In after-days Hilda never had a very clear memory of that journey South. In her mind it was always a confused whirl and rattle of wheels, of occasional glares of gas, of a constant succession of hot-water tins, of cup of coffee and steaming bowls of soup, across which a stern face with anxious, yearning, deep-set eyes looked at her in a manner which effectually checked any attempts at refusal, and then, in the cold gray of the winter dawn, London. Here there came a pause of some hours. Hayes was quite alive to Hilda's shattered condition, and, anxious though he was to get her home before he made the definite appeal to her feelings upon which he had decided, he would not hurry her beyond her strength. So, when they reached London, he carried her off to the station hotel, and, putting her in the hands of a motherly-looking chambermaid, insisted on her going to bed for a few hours. And so it came to pass that the early winter dusk was already closing in when they at last reached the little railway station at Cruxwold.

In his misery and anxiety Hayes had forgotten to send any intimation of their coming to the servants, and there was no carriage to meet them. It happened fortunately that a fly which had brought a passenger to catch the train had waited on the faint chance of picking up a fare—a chance for which Hayes was very thankful, for it was beginning to snow, and Hilda was not in a fit state to walk any distance.

As they drove through the village, she sat gazing out of the window, in the state of stony apathy she had maintained all through the journey; but she must have been conscious of their surroundings, for, as they passed through the lodge gates, she turned with a low, passionate cry, as if the sight of them recalled the full knowledge of her present position.

"Why did you not let me go?" she cried. "Why have you brought me back to the old misery again?"

It was the first time she had spoken voluntarily throughout the long dreary journey, and he could not answer her on the spur of the moment.

"Why," he echoed—"why?"

"Yes, why?" she reiterated. "Why did you come after me? Why not let me go?"

"Because the shame and the humiliation would have broken your heart," he answered, with sorrowful patience. "Child, I know you better than you know yourself. The constant memory of your own degradation would have broken your heart. You would never have got used to it; every time you were out by an acquaintance you would have lived the whole scandal over again."

"Out," she echoed wonderingly—"out?"

But he went on without noticing the slight interruption.

"But you shall have your freedom, Hilda, though not in the ruinous way you sought it. You shall have it without losing all claim to the respect of your friends. I will put the arrangements in train at once, and your wishes shall be carried out as far as lies in my power."

She looked at him for a moment in mute wonder, as if trying to understand what he had said; then the knowledge came to her, and she turned away with a shuddering sigh. So that was what he thought of her! The unspeakable anguish and the shame of it! She could not speak; she could only sit with clasped hands staring straight before her, and wondering how she could endure such agony of mind without going mad.

There was only a faint light in the hall, one of the men came hurrying to the door in response to the driver's attack on the bell. But the news of their arrival spread immediately, and Mrs. Westedging and Wilberforce, looking surprised and alarmed, came hastily into the hall to receive them.

"Oh, never mind about all that!" said Hayes impatiently, when they began to apologise for things not being in proper order. "Have you a fire anywhere at all? Mrs. Hayes is half dead with cold and fatigue."

"There was one in the blue parlor, ma'am," Mrs. Westedging replied anxiously. "Miss Fisher has been using that room since her return."

Hayes, already half-way down the hall, with his arm within Hilda's, turned abruptly to the housekeeper.

"Ah, Miss Fisher!" he said. "Is she there—in the blue parlor?"

"I'm not sure if she's in yet, sir," she replied; "she generally comes home from the Rectory by the church path, and lets herself in at the garden door."

They went on down the corridor, Hayes and his wife first, and Mrs. Westedging walking behind with the lamp in her hand, throwing fluttering shadows ahead of them. She moved forward as they neared the door of the blue parlor and threw it open.

Miss Fisher was in. She was standing by the fire, with her back to them, warming her feet on the fender.

"That's right," she said; "I was about to ring for the lamp. I think we're going to have a heavy fall of snow; it's beginning. I was just caught in——" She turned, conscious of something unusual in the silence, and saw Hayes and Hilda standing in the middle of the room, and Mrs. Westedging setting the lamp down upon the sideboard behind them. There was a moment of breathless silence, and then Miss Fisher burst into loud flippant laughter. "Checkmate!" she cried defiantly. "I knew it was bound to come sooner or later; but, at any rate, I think I've spoilt your honeymoon, Mr. Hayes!"

Hilda looked from Miss Fisher's flashing eyes and hard white defiant face to her husband, who was deathly pale.

"As I dreamed!" he said, speaking with difficulty; and, leading Hilda to a chair, he went over to the astonished housekeeper and asked her to let them have some tea at once, and calmly put her out of the room. Then he went back to Hilda's side. "At any rate, one misconception is removed from between us for ever," he said quietly. "This is the lady I was accused of murdering—Miss Alice Mostyn."

Hilda looked up at her husband in piteous bewilderment, and clasped her hands nervously, as the mocking voice broke in again—

"Don't be unkind, Pierrepoint! You remember I told you, the last time we met, that for business reasons I had decided that it was Alice Mostyn who died and Amabel who had survived. You are the only person who knows me as Alice, so please——"

"Be silent!" he exclaimed, turning upon her almost savagely. "There is no need to annoy this lady with an account of your low intrigues. For your own sake, don't try me too far to-night. I am not in a very forbearing mood."

She shrugged her shoulders and returned his gaze steadily, smiling into his face with a braggart air of triumph which would have exasperated a less patient man beyond endurance. But it had no effect upon Pierrepoint Hayes; his mind was too busy trying to grasp all the results of this stupendous catastrophe to have any emotion to spare for such a comparatively trifling matter.

"And so you did escape, after all," he said presently, "and, in the malice and hatred of your heart, you hid yourself, and let me commit an irreparable wrong against an innocent creature who had never harmed you in thought, word, or deed? Well, it is like you! You always enjoyed doing a cruel thing—always!"

"Yes, I'm a desperately wicked creature," she returned airily—"always was! It's the nature of the animal, I suppose."

He paid no attention to her insolent manner as he turned gravely to Hilda.

"You know the relationship between this lady and me?"

And, at the simple inquiry, some of the events of the past three months suddenly appeared in a new light to her.

"I see, I see," she gasped—"I see everything! The letter, the newspaper, the ring found in your study! She did it all! Oh, cruel, cruel!"

"Ring? What ring?"

"The ring she wore on the night of the fire—the ring you were supposed to have taken by force. She put it there—in your writing-room—herself, knowing that it would be brought to me, and that I should be compelled to believe you had taken it from her by violence. Oh, how could she take pleasure in such wickedness?"

"As I said before," observed Miss Mostyn, in mocking musical tones, "it's the nature of the animal, I suppose."

"I remember," said Hayes—"the old emerald I gave her all those years ago! I recollect now that it was mentioned in that letter, and carefully described. And you found it afterwards in my room? Poor little soul, no wonder I could make no headway with this secret enemy working against me?"

"And what headway do you reckon to make now?" asked Miss Mostyn smilingly. "Seems to me you are rather worse off than ever! Leaving me out of the question altogether, things are still sufficiently complicated, what with cousin Hugh and Mrs. Mount——"

But at this Hayes' patience suddenly failed him. With a wrathful imprecation, he strode across to the door, flung it open, and, with flashing eyes and lips quivering with anger, ordered her out of the room.

She went at once, glad perhaps of the opportunity; but, as she passed down the corridor, she fired a parting shot.

"Ta-ta!" she cried. "My game is up now, so I'm off! I can no longer add to your enjoyments in the way of discoveries and surprises, so I'll take my talents elsewhere! Farewell, my own ingenuous Pierrepoint! Ta-ta, little daisy-blossom! Behold, the wicked fairy disappears in a blaze of red fire, and leaves the dissatisfied lovers to clear up the ghastly muddle as best they can!"

Pierrepoint did not hear the whole of the valedictory address; he was back by the side of Hilda, who was crying weakly, with her head resting against the back of her chair.

"We have made certain unpleasant discoveries about Miss Fisher," he explained, when Mrs. Westedging entered with the tea-tray, "and the scene has been too much for Mrs. Hayes. I think we had better get her up to her own rooms as soon as she is composed enough to make the effort."

Mrs. Westedging was greatly concerned.

"The rooms will be ready in ten minutes, sir," she said; "the maids are busy there now. As for Miss Fisher, I'm honestly glad you've found her out. Wilberforce and I knew all about her habits before she went away at the end of October; but of course it wasn't our place to talk; though Wilberforce did say that, if you made the smallest remark about the amount of whiskey that was consumed in the house, he should speak out. I don't wonder at Mrs. Hayes being upset, so good and considerate as she always was to the young woman."

"Don't talk to her about it, Mrs. Westedging, let her forget it as much as she can. Mattie and Mordaunt will be down to-morrow; in the meantime you must do the best you can for your mistress."

CHAPTER XXX.

When Mattie arrived the next day, she found her "bairn" in a painful state of prostration. She did not complain, she did not seem to be in pain, but she was incapable of the slightest effort. For a whole week she rested quietly in her bed, taking very little nourishment and only wanting to be left entirely alone.

In the meantime Hayes was taking long lonely walks about the country, trying to shake off the demon of unrest that possessed him. Luckily there were no callers, for the snowfall that threatened on the evening of their arrival had been a heavy one, blocking the roads and stopping the house-to-house visiting for a few days. The snow however had no deterrent effect upon Hayes; he tramped through miles of it day after day, feeling a morbid delight in wearing himself out, and crawling home at night to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

But the physical exertion in no way checked the activity of his brain, and the more he fought against the inevitable the more it forced itself upon his attention, until he had to confess himself beaten and give in. By all the laws of fair play, he was bound to give the poor suffering girl, upon whom he had already brought so much pain and sorrow, the full benefit of this turn in her favor. Unconditional freedom was what she longed for above everything, and now it was possible to give it to her.

She would pass out of his life for ever, and the past year, with all its throes of anguish and its exquisite hopes, its joys and sorrows, would be as a tale that was told. She would be happy again; and, for himself—— Well, not having much faith in his own strength of purpose, he did not care to look forward to his own future. It took him a long-time to crush his desperate longing to make one more bid for Hilda's affection, but he succeeded at last; and, having once made up his mind, he acted without a delay, fearing that his resolution might give way again if he hesitated. After he had finally arrived at his decision, the moment he reached the house he sent a note up to Hilda, asking her to see him in the morning.

"Things must not go on as they are any longer," he wrote. "I am anxious to meet your wishes in every way; but, there may be no further mistake, I want to know exactly what those wishes are. Are you strong enough to bear a business interview? If so, let me know at what time you will see me to-morrow."

A little later Mattie brought word down that her mistress would spend the next morning in the blue parlor.

"And, if I may take the liberty," added Mattie hesitatingly, "I ask you humbly no' to be too hard on her, sir. I keen weel I'm overstepping the privileges of my position in naming the matter to you; but the bairn is sairly broken. Ye'll no' have the heart to be ower-harsh with her?"

He noticed the tremor in the usually hard voice, and crossed the room and put his hand upon Mattie's shoulder.

"You know more than most people of how things have been between us from the start, Mattie woman, though you've had the good sense to seem to know nothing. Do you think I'm likely to be hard or exacting now, when I'm on the point of losing her for ever? You may trust me to treat your bairn gently and tenderly, my dear soul; don't fret yourself about that!"

The quiet self-renunciation of his manner, the absence of all consideration for himself, though there was that in his face which let her somewhat into the secret of what the past week had meant to him, brought the tears welling up into Mattie's shrewd gray eyes.

"Ye're a good man, Mr. Hayes," she said brokenly—"a true good man; and my heart greets as muckle for you as for the puir mistaken creature up-stairs. I wish I could comfort you, sir; but—— Ye're too considerate, ye see, sir," she broke off, "and I'm taking advantage of it. I ask yer pardon. Eh, it's a sair trouble—sair, sair!"

And, as she hurried away, afraid of trying his forbearance too much with her

sighs and tears, he echoed the words—

"Ay, surely, a sore trouble!"

Hilda, clad in a gorgeous crimson damson dressing-gown, was standing in the window of the blue parlor when Hayes went to her the next morning. It was her first view of the quadrangle garden in its winter garb of frost and snow, and the still ghostly beauty of the white silent enclosure had drawn her there involuntarily. The closely-clipped yew-trees and the formally-planned lawns and paths and borders looked as if they were carved in marble. A petrified garden, she thought to herself—a veritable garden of death. The gruesome thought made her shudder, and, when she turned at her husband's entrance, her wan face looked as white and cold as the landscape outside.

"You look very ill," he said, with grave concern, as she walked over to the fire and seated herself with her back to the light; "I hoped that your week's rest would have done you good."

"So it has," she replied—"a great deal of good. I was cold just now—that was all."

"And the outlook here is not exactly cheery," he said, with a glance at the window. She wondered if he too had noticed the death-like aspect of the place. "I think in the winter I should choose some——" He stopped abruptly and made another start. "You have heard nothing of Alice Mostyn, I suppose?"

The question surprised her.

"No. Was it likely I should?"

"I did not know. The fancy might have taken her to add a last insult to her attack. Can you give me any hint as to where I should be likely to find her? I must—that is, of course she must be seen after."

"I can give you the address I wrote to when she was in London."

"Thank you! I will try it, though I have not much hope. She would not be likely to go there again, knowing you knew the address. You shall give it me, by-and-by, if you will. That will do when we have made our own arrangements. You know just how we stand, I suppose, Hilda?"

"I don't think," she murmured, and then paused with an air of embarrassment, her eyes, downcast and troubled, watching the nervous interlacing of her thin white fingers.

He guessed where her thoughts were wandering and tried to set her a little more at ease.

"Don't imagine for a moment that I asked you to see me because I wanted to torture you by allusions to the past," he said quickly. "Knowing, as I know now, the awful odds you have had against you all through, I am willing to make all the allowance in the——" He stopped again, and waited with an irresolute perplexed air until she looked up inquiringly, and then he laughed in a disconcerted manner and went on, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you the truth—it can make no difference now; still I should like you to know. My love has so thoroughly got the whip-hand of my judgment, Hilda, that I would have—— Pah—what a weak-minded fool I am to plague you with my whinings! Come—let us try to be business like! You know that from the mere fact of Alice Mostyn—property Alice Hayes—being alive, you are an absolutely free woman?

"It is true there are certain circumstances connected with our past—hers and mine—which would make it the easiest thing in the world for me to obtain a divorce: but—you needn't look so scared, Hilda—I am not going to make the attempt—not, at all events, until you have gone through the legal form of getting your marriage—our marriage—annulled, and are free to marry the man you ought to have married in the first instance."

He stopped with a deep-drawn breath, and Hilda sat with her forehead resting in the palm of her hand. She had no thought of contradicting his misconception; she had earned it, she told herself despairingly, and, since he had finally made up his mind to the separation, such more details did not matter.

"That being understand," he went on, "that next thing is—how would you like the start made? Shall I write to your mother or your uncle to take you back to Scotland, or would you prefer to ask the Bettertons to take you for a time? You will be an independent woman, you know, Hilda; your income will go on as usual. I should be sorry to think you were going back to the old dependence on your mother. I know I am laying myself open to the contempt of sensible people in doing this; but I have loved you very dearly, little girl, and even now, in spite of all that happened, your comfort is of more importance to me than the opinion the whole world may form of my conduct. I can survive their setting me down as a soft fool if you are a little the happier for my folly; and I think I can even put myself on one side so far as to say that I am glad for your sake that our separation has come about in a way that frees you so completely and so blamelessly."

"And you?" she rejoined. "You will also be able to gain your freedom if it should seem good to you? You will be at liberty to form other ties? Did you not say——"

"Oh, yes! There will be no difficulty about that part of the matter," he answered bitterly. "That unfortunate woman—— Hilda, this is probably the last time in our lives that we shall ever speak to each other in this confidential fashion—may I tell you something of that part of my life? There have been hints here and there of my brutality, hints that I have deserved more than has befallen me. Perhaps I have, though it didn't seem so to me at the time; it is so easy to think yourself more sinned against than sinning! I met her—my wife—why should I begrudge her the name?—out in Australia. She came with a company of actors to play at a place up in the bush, where there was a bit of a rush for a few weeks, and it happened that we were thrown together in circumstances of considerable danger."

So it was as she had always imagined; Alice Mostyn was one of those women whom he had rescued from drowning in face of countless dangers!

"Well, you know how an experience of that kind quickens the feelings," he went on, passing over the details of his own heroism. "We were both young and hot-headed; before we had known each other a week, we were man and wife. Yes, it was quick work," he admitted, in answer to her gesture of surprise; "but we were living in quick times out there. Well, for two months we were desperately in love and deliriously happy. Then she began to long for the old excitement and wanted me to go on the stage with her; but I was in for a good thing just at the time—besides, I had no leaning that way, not to speak of my jealousy. I knew I could not stand by and see another man making love to her, even on the stage, without feeling like murdering him. Well, we had a month of quarrels over it, and then one morning—she was gone! Naturally I went after her; but it was no good. After six months' useless search, I gave up, and had a touch of fever; and, when I came out of it, I'd just got what I stood up in to start the world with again. It was a trying position—even now, when I can speak of it without a touch of feeling, I'm bound to confess that—but I was always as tough as leather, and I began to pull round again after a time, though I was never quite so young at heart again. Now comes the second chapter."

He waited a moment or two with a sombre expression of pain in his eyes—a pain born of memories of that far-off time. Presently he continued his story—

"It was six years later when I first heard tidings of her. I had taken up with a new partner—a fellow I had come across by chance when he was just at the end of his tether, a reckless, fighting, drinking young scoundrel! Well, just because all the others were against him from the moment he set foot in the township, I made friends with him, and coaxed and bullied him into making another bid for success. He was one of the brightest, sunniest-tempered fellows in the world when he kept from the drink; but he'd gone just a step too far, you see, and he went into a galloping decline. We were together eighteen months, and during that time I found out all there was to know about him. It was his wife that had broken him up; she had run away from him, with all the portable valuables she could lay her hands on, when they had been married only a few weeks. He wore her likeness in a locket round his neck, and all the time we were together I never remember his going to sleep without taking a look at it.

"'She was a false jade, Peter,' he'd say sometimes, 'but I loved her, old man, and I pray Heaven she's got a good bed to lie on to-night!'

"Perhaps you can understand that I got to hate the very thought of the woman, for she had murdered the poor lad as surely as if she had cut his throat in cold blood. Chums though we were, I never saw the face in that locket until after his death, and then I think I should have buried it with him unopened but for his own request that I would try to find her and tell her that he forgave her. Almost with his last breath he told me the locket would give me all the information I needed—and it did."

"It was she!" cried Hilda, for the moment oblivious of everything but her interest in the story. "It was she—Alice Mostyn—your own wife! Oh, Pierrepoint!"

"Yes. The locket itself was one I had given her in the first flush of my mad infatuation. Well, I don't want to bore you past endurance, so I'll hurry on. I set to work to make inquiries as to her whereabouts, so that I might send her poor Will's message. It was a promise to the dead, and none the less binding because of the discovery I had made. So I set inquiries on foot among Will's former friends, and it was then that I found out, as I believed, that Alice Mostyn was dead."

"As you believed?" sighed Hilda.

"Yes—as I believed. I found that, in consequence of failing health, she, my wife, had returned to England a twelvemonth before the date of my inquiries, and that a few months after she reached home she had died. There was nothing at all improbable in the story; and, in spite of all that has happened, I can't see that I was to blame for believing it. At any rate, I did believe it, and nothing occurred to shake that belief until exactly one week before our wedding-day Hilda. Then she wrote to me from Edinburgh, asking me to go and see her."

"I remember," whispered Hilda.

"It fell upon me like a thunderbolt!" he went on. "I opened the letter, expecting to find a request for patronage from a tradesman—I was inundated with them since our marriage had been announced in the papers—and found the signature 'Alice Hayes, nee Mostyn' at the foot of the page. I'm not very clear as to what happened during the next few hours, but I found myself in Edinburgh that evening; and then the whole hideous truth came out. It was not Alice who had died, but her sister Amabel; and Alice, being alone and unknown among the smaller provincial managers, had conceived the idea of burying her sister as herself and taking her place in the theatrical community. It was not very difficult; there had always been a remarkable likeness between them, and any noticeable change she would attribute to illness. So Alice became Amabel, and Alice it was whom I saw at Edinburgh under the name of Amabel—Alice, my wife. The same night came that fearful fire. Can you blame me for striving to keep the secret, when that dreadful catastrophe seemed once more to set me free? Can't you find some excuse for my duplicity? Can't you understand my desire to shake off all connection with that degrading past, the temptation to keep silence and let things go on as if this tragic interlude had never existed but in my imagination? It seemed so small a backsliding, and yet, great Heaven, what a retribution it has brought upon me!"

He rose to his feet without a glance in her direction, and went over to the window to get his feelings under control again before he went on.

"I hardly know why I have bothered you with all this," he said quietly, "unless perhaps it was because I wanted you to judge me from a fair point of view. In all the time to come, Hilda, I should like you to think of me as kindly as you can—rather as one upon whom the chances of Fate have been a little hard than as one who has gone about in pure perversity of heart doing the thing that is wrong from wanton wickedness."

"I am never likely to do that," she said gently.

"No," he answered—"I don't think you are, now that you know everything; you are a merciful little soul! And now," he went on, throwing off the thoughtful manner which had grown upon him during this recital—"now we must come to some definite arrangement. You must tell me exactly what your wishes are, and, as far as is possible, I promise you that they shall be carried out."

She sighed softly. Her wishes! Alas, they were all impossible of fulfilment! She wished that she had not rejected his affection when it had been within her reach; she wished that her impassive coldness had not driven him to seek more congenial companionship elsewhere; she wished that she could wake up suddenly and find that this horrible discovery of Miss Fisher's true identity was only a dream; she wished that Pierre would put his strong arms round her and tell her that he loved her still, just as he had always loved her, that he had never cared for Mrs. Mountjoy except as an entertaining friend, and that the whole world should not come between them from that day forth.

These were her exact wishes, but it was not possible that she could express them to him when he had throughout the interview so carefully avoided anything like an expression of feeling towards her. No—she had had the offer of love and she had rejected it; such opportunities seldom stood the test of indifference: she must stand aside now in silent repentance. It was almost like asking a thirsty man to push the cup from his lips.

"My wishes," she murmured—"my wishes? You mean where I should like to go when—when I leave here? I—I think I hardly know."

"Your uncle will be the proper person to take the first legal steps on your behalf," he said, still speaking from the window in a quiet emotionless manner: "but I don't think I would go back to Mackenzie if I were you. I should avoid any meeting with—with—— I mean it would be better not to return there until you are a perfectly free woman again."

She knew quite well that he was alluding to Hugh, but there was nothing definite which she could openly deny.

"I can't decide," she rejoined, in a low tone, which betrayed nothing of her deep distress; and, rising, she moved away to the door. "You must give me a little time, please; I have not thought about it. Will it do to-morrow?"

"Certainly! I have no wish to hurry you in the matter; consult your own convenience in every way."

"Thank you!" she murmured, standing by the door with a certain irresolution in her attitude which made him wonder what might be coming. But she was apparently unable to find sufficient courage for what she wanted to say. "You have been," she began. "I think I ought—I shall always remember——" She stopped again, her breath coming and going nervously, her fingers twitching. Then she suddenly gave up the attempt, and, with a fluttering sigh and one quick despairing glance at his face, she passed out of the room and shut the door behind her.

Listening intently, almost as if it were a matter of life or death to him, he heard the sound of her dress trailing the corridor, and the dull thud of the baize door at the end as it closed behind her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIRE AND MATCHES.—Who first made fire, when and where, a little child can easily ask, but a wise man cannot answer. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and other nations assert that their ancestors were without fire. Pliny says the ancient Egyptians were greatly delighted with fire, which was exhibited by Execus, the celebrated astronomer. Until recently the inhabitants of the Philippine, Canary, and many other islands had never seen a fire. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands at first believed fire an animal that fed on wood. Fire and heat are both obtained by friction. Probably man first obtained fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together. Formerly a common practice among the people of the Sandwich Islands was to place a block of very dry wood on the ground and rub it with a blunt stick back and forth till a groove was made, which is partially sharpened at one end, and resting the point upon a block, revolves the stick rapidly between the hands, and often gets fire in two minutes. The natives of Terra del Fuego, "Land of Fire," made fire by striking flint with iron pyrites, the sparks being caught on tinder. Our forefathers made use of similar means. Centuries ago glass globes filled with water were used to concentrate the rays of the sun and produce fire. Over two hundred years ago it was discovered that phosphorus, by friction, would ignite dry sticks dipped in sulphur. In 1836, Mr. A. D. Phillips, of Springfield, Mass., patented a mixture of glue, phosphorus, chalk and sulpher, with which friction matches were made, and soon they came into general use. Now seventy-five factories give work to twenty-five hundred employees, one-third of whom are children. Annually 30,240,000,000 matches are made.

IT was at a "swell" hop, and everybody was in full dress but one modest little fellow, and he seemed to think that he was being "guyed" on that account. So during an intermission he stood up in the centre of the door, and addressed the company as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg you will pardon my not appearing in full dress this evening; but the fact of the matter is I have no dress suit of my own, and at every store in town I was told that their suits were all rented for this event."

LAST YEAR.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

We stood on the porch in the moonlight,
A silence had fallen on each;
I, with my heart full of worship
That could not find utterance in speech!
Of what was she thinking, I wondered,
As she carelessly slipped the band
Of gold with its cluster of diamonds,
Back and forth on the soft, white hand?

Had I any part in her dreaming?
If the lashes that swept her cheek
Would but lift and unveil their beauty,
Perhaps I'd find courage to speak;
I clasped the dear hand as it wandered,
Was there ever a hand so sweet?
And the ring fell, a glittering bauble,
Low down in the grass at my feet.

"O, make me a wish," she cried, laughing
As I picked up the dainty thing,
"Good fortune is certain to follow
The wish that is made with a ring;"
Ah! me; was man ever so tempted!
Should I speak the wish of my heart,
That we two might wander forever
And yet never wander apart?

But I crushed the love that cried loudly
In words that were careless and cold,
I wished her a life of enjoyment
And lovers with plenty of gold,
So we parted. To-night the moonlight
Falls soft on the old porch once more,
And I wonder what dims the beauty
It had but one short year before.

After Seven Years.

BY J. M. B.

"WHERE are you going to my dear?" These words, accompanied by a tipsy leer and still more tipsy forward clutch, told Dorothy Alston that the greatest danger by which she had ever been assailed was confronting her now.

Poor little girl! Tripping home to her aunt's house in Folkestone after afternoon tea with her pet friend at Sandgate, dreaming quietly to herself, not at all of what was before her, the staggering figure of Private Skeggs of the 122nd had quite escaped her notice; and here she was with that inebriated worthy not two feet off, and no succor apparently at hand.

In the small shoal and pitfalls of every-day life Dollie's wits were nearly always at command. Many a forward partner had smarted under some justly deserved snub, administered in her clear slow tones. But a horrible tipsy man was quite another thing to cope with. Her face grew deathly white, and, with a scream of terror, she turned to fly back towards Sandgate, trusting to her speed of foot to save her.

But a third figure was at hand. Clement Kane, who was taking his daily journey into Folkestone along the lower road, had from a short distance observed the whole tableau and at once taken action. Two seconds later Skeggs bit the dust, and Miss Alston, very shaky as to voice and very white in the face, was thanking her preserver.

"I am only too glad to have been on the spot to protect you from that ruffian," was the response. "You need fear no further annoyance now—we are almost in sight of the Steps."

"I am very grateful." Dorothy looked it.

Her companion smiled.

"Pray do not speak of it. I am only sorry that you should have been so much startled," he said, frowning at the ditch where Skeggs lay muttering curses.

The rescued and rescuer walked the road together—Dorothy in doubt as to whether further speech was expedient, Mr. Kane wondering why those interested in Miss Alston's welfare did not know better than to allow her to walk from Sandgate to Folkestone so late in the afternoon alone. He knew her perfectly well by sight and name; a pretty girl, much run after, she was well known to most of "her Majesty's brave defenders" quartered at Shorncliffe that summer.

Clement Kane was one of the few who did not cultivate Folkestone society. He went to no balls, flirted with no young ladies, read hard when he was not on duty, or passed his time in cricket and boating; and therefore Miss Alston had no idea to whom she was indebted for her late escape. She knew that there was such a person as Kane in the "122nd" "who never went out anywhere," but with the sweet charity of seventeen felt sure he must be spectacled and bent, or have red hair and a squint, if he avoided the haunts of loveliness in the way his brother-officers reported.

At the foot of the Steps she turned towards him, seeing that he made no sign of mounting them with her, but was about to pursue his way along the road, and with a half-uncertain motion held out her hand.

"I don't know whom I am thanking," she said, "but indeed I am most grateful to you for saving me from that horrible man—and so my aunt will be, Mrs. Everest, when I tell her of it."

He bowed low over the little hand.

"My name is Kane," he said, and passed on.

Dorothy gazed after him regretfully.

"Now, if it was only in a novel," she murmured, "he would be at the ball to-morrow night; but it isn't, and he won't."

Mrs. Everest was too thankful for the escape of her pet niece and adopted child to say much in reproof, but she made a solemn vow that Miss Dorothy's lonely rambles should be forbidden for the future.

Taken in her infancy, and brought up by the childless widow of her mother's only brother, Dorothy had been spared many of the rules to which she would have been subjected as the fourth daughter in a large, noisy home. As Mrs. Everest's petted only one, she had scarcely been denied anything, and had indulged unchecked her taste for lonely walks abroad.

Her aunt, being stout and lazy, was not capable of much exertion, and to have Justine, her French maid, with her, would have been a woeful drag on her spirits; hence her recent unprotected position. But Dollie, if a spoilt child, was not entirely devoid of good sense, and acquiesced unmurmuringly in her aunt's decision, asking only that nothing might be said on the subject of her adventure to their numerous friends, as she loathed the "I told you so's" of the elder and the "What was he like, dear?" of the younger portion of the community, which she felt would be addressed to her.

"What was he like?" If Dorothy had kept a diary, her "Hero"—with a very large H—would have been described as tall, with a strong, athletic figure and a slender, keen face—a face which, though by no mean handsome, became nearly so from the sweet, rare smile which lit up the irregular features whenever their owner's heart was glad.

"And his voice! Ah, lunatic, it was so low and musical!" In these words would Dorothy invariably wind up the oft-told tale, until even long-suffering Mrs. Everest voted the name Kane an unmitigated bore.

Justine had no easy task in preparing her young lady for the ball on the following evening. Her dress, her flowers, were all wrong, and had to be adjusted many times before she was at last ready. "Will the person of the name of Kane be there?" she asked herself. Oh, ashes and bitterness if he were not!

Mrs. Everest and Dorothy started, and were soon entering the ball-room together. What a pretty sight it was! Lights gleaming on bright faces—"fair women and brave men." As Dollie heard "Soldaten Lieder" sounding she saw standing facing her, and bowing in answer to her smile of recognition, her hero Clement Kane.

Auntie was informed of the fact by a terrible pinch, and, on being desired to look across the room at him, at once focused the wrong individual with her eyeglass; and a very sallow Major of Artillery, who had been married at least ten years, got the benefit of her stare of gratitude.

"Ours, Miss Alston;" and tall Captain Fitz-Norman, who had been waiting half-an-hour with his nose round the door, carried off his unwilling partner.

"Will he speak to me? Will he come and ask me to dance? No, he is still standing where he was. How badly Fitz-Norman dances, and what a donkey he looks!"

Ungrateful Dollie pondered thus, as she glided round on the arm of the gallant Captain. Poor Captain Fitz-Norman! It was hard, after his weary waiting, to find his "lady fair" so absent and different from her usual bright self, for she had scarcely a word to spare for him in reply to his feeble small talk. Her thoughts were full of one tall dark figure leaning against the window-frame, dancing not, and speaking to nobody. And, as she could not have the one partner she wished for, Dorothy began to vote the ball a failure.

But the fates were in her favor. She saw Kane speak to another of the "122nd" with whom she was acquainted, and presently they crossed the room together towards her. Mr. Dering approached and asked her if he might introduce a brother-officer of his—Mr. Kane? And Dorothy her face flushing up hotly with blushes as her Paladin advanced, in a few moments afterwards heard him saying, in a low tone—

"I did not like to presume on the accident that made us acquainted yesterday, Miss Alston, and have sought a more legitimate mode of introduction. I trust you have not suffered in consequence of the fright you got?"

Dorothy murmured something inaudible to signify she had not, and surrendered her card unreservedly into his hands, at his request, for "some dances," over which he scrawled "K" wherever he listed. As he retired, Captain Fitz-Norman scowled after him, remarking, "I can't understand what has made Kane come to the ball, as he knows nobody, and hates dancing."

"It's never too late to mend, you know," suggested Dorothy, with a tiny smile playing round her mouth. "It is odd, though. What could have brought him to the ball?"

She guessed the reason as she sat in "maiden meditation," though not "fancy free," in her little pink-lined nest of a room after the ball, and thought over her evening's experience. One face only filled her mind, one voice only rang in her ears and made her heart beat quickly.

Dorothy knew, though she would have been unwilling to confess to it, that, for weal or woe, for good or ill, Clement Kane was the one person in the world for her; she even looked lovingly at the faded remnants of her bouquet, since from it his hand had raft the crowning glory, a Marshal Niel rosebud, and carried it away "just as a remembrance of one happy evening."

Mrs. Everest had been introduced to Mr. Kane, and had approved of him highly—nay, more, had invited him to call upon her.

In the meantime Clement Kane was walking home to Shorncliffe in the cool early morning, smoking a pipe of reflection, Dollie's rosebud in his buttonhole. He was thinking something of her—much of himself. She was a dear, sweet little soul, fresh and original, not like other girls at all. He even went so far as to acknowledge that he saw she was taken with him—but no farther. Clement Kane was a poor man and a proud one.

"His sword was his wife," he was wont to boast, and he would neither sell his freedom to an heiress nor drag some poor, pretty girl he might love down to the position of a subaltern's wife in a marching regiment.

Still the little face framed in soft curls did haunt him a great deal, provoking the idea, in spite of all his efforts to crush it back, that, when he grew old and smoke-dried, like Major Lufton of his regiment, it would be pleasant to have the companionship of a loving little heart like Dollie. "If it wasn't for the pin-money, something might be done; but in these days a wife——"

Visions of various officers' wives he had known flitted before his eyes. No, he would rather die the veriest old curmudgeon that ever breathed than see his wife reduced to the level of one of those!

Still next day found the moth near the candle, and day followed day in the same fashion. With ready voice and hand Mrs. Everest made Clement welcome, while Dorothy's eyes looked the welcome her tongue never uttered; and he came and came again.

Six weeks flew by, and one night the usual knock woke the echoes in Royal Terrace. Mrs. Everest, good soul, aroused from her after-dinner nap, sleepily bade Clement seek her niece on the balcony. So he went there, and found her looking out on the silver pathway that the moon had traced on the water. Silently they shook hands, and for some moments gazed out on the glorious beauty of the scene together.

It was very fair to look at; but fairest of all, to Clement, was the sweet girl's face at his side. Hard indeed, he felt, would be the word he had come that evening to speak. Orders for marching had come, and the "122nd" were to embark for Malta, en route for the East.

He had with some difficulty obtained a few days' leave to see the last of his only living relative, an old uncle who had been his guardian, and on the following day he was going to his house in Somersetshire.

All this he told her, striving to assume an indifference he was far from feeling—she listening, her soul dying within her. He was going away—going without a word! She loved him, and, as it seemed, he did not return her affection—oh, the grief of her warm young heart!—and she should never see him more! But she managed to answered in steady tones that she was "sorry, very sorry—they would miss all their kind friends in the '122nd,' and their summer acquaintance had been so pleasant."

He did not answer for a few moments, and then he said—

"Not acquaintances, Dorothy"—how sweet her name sounded when spoken by his lips—"friends always—dear friends: let me call you so just for this short interval, and let me say my 'farewell' here by ourselves."

Silently she bent her head in acquiescence. Only friends—only dear friends! Still that was better than nothing; but she felt the foreshadowing then of the desolation that was to follow when the dear friend was gone from her.

"You have made my life so happy during these last few weeks. I must thank you for it from my soul. Do you know, have you never heard, a foolish old superstition, that in this ever-revolving world of ours, each of us who has known and valued friends, and been parted from them for cause or another, meets and clasps hands again once in seven years? Neither may know where the other is but, no matter, the destiny that guides their wandering footsteps leads friends surely to the meeting-place, where, with many a thought of 'auld lang syne,' they look again in each other's faces with all their ancient kindness. Oh, Dorothy, little friend, keep a thought for me through these years of the future against that day, and perhaps it may come true for you and me. But I must not linger. Once more good-bye, Dorothy, my darling!" Fervently he clasped her hands in his in all the anguish of that sorrowful parting, bending his head until his lips rested on them in one long kiss.

As in a dream she felt him leave her and heard him bidding a courteous adieu to her aunt, and then he was gone.

With streaming eyes she watched until the last of the well-known figure had passed out of her sight, and then she began to realize the loneliness that from henceforth must be her portion. She did not deceive herself; she knew that the man who had gone from her loved her truly and well; and she felt that it must be a strong reason that had caused him to leave her presence with that love unspoken. But her spirit was sore within her, and out on the quiet balcony the bitterest tears her eyes had ever shed fell thick and fast down her cheeks. Even the lovely night, with its perfect, eternal restfulness, seemed to mock at the pain of her restless heart.

Presently Mrs. Everest's voice called her, and she went in. The elder lady's kind eyes read the face of the child she loved like an open book; but, with affection's truest tact, she refrained from any word of condolence, knowing that trouble such as was then bowing the bright head of her pet was best borne in silence.

What she thought of Clement Kane she kept to herself, but she decided to leave Folkestone as soon as she could do so without remark, and to take Dorothy on a round of visits, for she was satisfied there was nothing like change of scene to cure a heartache.

When the time came Dorothy was only too glad to go. The place had little charm for her now, and the sight of the sea on a stormy day filled her with disquiet as she thought of one who at that moment perhaps was in a tossing ship—her vivid imagination picturing him, his face worn with anxiety, thinking of her—his faithful little friend!

While the reality? Well, Kane, though he did recall the little white face, and felt sadly enough sometimes that in leaving it he had left all that loved him best in this world, did not by any mean refrain from such few alleviations of his affliction as were offered him on board that weary troop-ship on a smooth day—and on a rough one, who would wish to pry into the disquiet of his soul?

* * * * * *

Seven years passed, and Folkestone was very full. Every one was out to see and be seen; women and men jostled each other along the crowded asphalt pathway. A band was playing in the gardens near; and Dorothy Alston, trim, dainty to look upon, paused to listen to it at the urgent request of a little child she was leading by the hand.

Chance or destiny, in the shape of a plague of whooping-cough among the small sons and daughters of the elder sister, the wife of a curate in the North, had been the indirect cause of her revisiting her former haunts.

Mrs. Everest, kind-hearted as ever, had come to the rescue of the afflicted mother

of eleven olive-branches, and, having taken charge of the puniest specimen, acted on the advice of her medical man, and brought little Nessie to Folkestone to see what its fresh breeze would do for her.

Dorothy had warmly supported the doctor's opinion. Never since that eventful summer had she revisited her old haunts. Now, the unforgotten prophecy ringing in her ears, she would fain test the truth of it, fain seek the appointed trysting-place. Haply the same longing which was burning in her might enter Clement's soul, and he too, obeying the call of fate, might, in the well-remembered spot, meet his true love "once again."

During a month of waiting, Dorothy heard no news of Clement Kane. Hope had all but died within her breast, when the day dawned at last on which seven years before he had bidden her farewell. Tears fell thickly down her white face as she remembered his parting words, and thought how, in spite of all their sadness, she had felt the hope of a brighter future rising through the gloom of the present. Still, though her heart was sore, duties must be done; and Nessie's daily walk on the Lees always fell to her young aunt's share, so they mingled with the throng.

The child found her patient listener less attentive than usual. In fact, Dorothy had no room in her thoughts for aught but a supreme longing for a glimpse of Clement's face—only a glimpse of it. He was all the world to her, and he had been so long away.

Presently she raised her eyes to where a group of people were standing watching the fast-disappearing Boulogne boat. She started and looked, and looked again. Surely she could not be mistaken in the tall, dark-haired man who was standing a little apart from the rest, engaged in lighting a cigar, his back to the passers.

Still more intently she gazed, her face growing pale beneath her veil, Nessie's childish prattle unheard and unanswered. Yes, there stood the hero of her girlhood, gladdening her eyes once again; and surely that was one of his favorite songs that the band was playing?

Love me once again,
Meet me once again;
Old love is awaking,
Shall it wake in vain?

As the refrain died away the tall figure turned, and Clement Kane—for he it was—found himself face to face with Dorothy Alston.

They had neither of them forgotten old times. He had been very faithful, after a man-like fashion, to the old remembrance, and she—could she ever forget the love which was the crown and the sorrow of her life? Silent, even as when they parted, they stood for a few moments together now.

Shall it wake in vain?

the music repeated, Dorothy's heart echoed the question back to her; and then—well, the Lees at four-thirty on a summer afternoon was not the place for tender passages so he broke silence—oh, bathos!—by remarking—

"It is a long time since we have met."

"Seven years," she answered almost sharply—she had counted those weary days of waiting too often not to be able to fill up the measure of their length at once. "Have you never been in England since that summer?"

"No—what should I have done here? I had no home to go to, except my poor uncle's. It was his death brought me over now. The old man has made me his heir, and I had to get leave to come and settle matters at once. Until to-day I have been poring over title-deeds and law-papers; but I made up my mind at all hazards to come here for this day—partly because I wanted some fresh air to set me up after the worries of entering upon my inheritance, and partly because I wanted to see if any of my old friends were here still, and would remember me. But how is Mrs. Everest? May I come and see her?"

"Please do. Auntie will be glad."

"At the old time?"

"Whenever you like," she answered, her face flushing up. "We are in the same house in Royal Terrace which we had before."

"I remember," he said; and then, turning abruptly to Nessie, "Whose child is that?"

"My sister's youngest one," replied Dorothy, a half-smile on her lips as she wondered if he imagined Nessie was a daughter of hers, and she no longer Miss Alston.

"Did you ever take her along the lower road to Sandgate?" he asked.

"Never," she said, decidedly. "I have not been there for ages—never alone since that day—but you won't remember it perhaps—when I first saw you."

"I have a very good memory, Miss Alston. Why should you suppose I forget things?"

"I—I don't know. It is so long ago." Dollie was growing crimson under his steady gaze.

Captain Kane stopped short.

"I must leave you now," he said—"I am dining in camp; but may I come in to-night and see you? Your aunt won't mind. It is so long since we have met, and I should like to have a talk with you again. Au revoir then. Good-bye, little one," to Nessie, who was staring, open-mouth, at the big, ugly man "auntie Dollie" seemed so pleased with.

Dorothy fled home to tell the good tidings.

"He is come!" was all she said, but Mrs. Everest needed no other explanation. The light on her darling's face told her who "he" was better than volumes of words; and with happy tears she thanked Heaven that her favorite's sorrow was over. Meanwhile Dorothy, alone in her room, was rejoicing in her new-found joy. "He has come back!" she said, over and over again—come back, she knew, to her, while ever in her ears ran the refrain—

Love me once again,
Meet me once again;
Old love is awaking,

with the last line altered to suit her own pleasure—

It shall not wake in vain.

With a feeling that where her sorrow had come upon her she would await the coming bliss, she again took her station on the balcony, and gazed out upon just such another night as that pictured dimly in her memory. As in a dream still, she heard the dear voice speaking to Mrs. Everest when he came in, telling her of his sudden return, and asking where Miss Alston was.

"In the balcony," said Mrs. Everest. "She sits there every evening; you can go and find her if you like."

She felt he was coming now. In another moment he was at her side.

"Dorothy," he said, "little friend, have you forgotten your promise to me, made in this place seven years ago? You see my superstition has come true! I felt that it woul , and that I should find my darling where I left her. Will you be my friend still—the dearest and truest that man can have? Dorothy, I want you for my wife. Won't you come to me? Oh, love, when I left you it was so hard to go. But I could not drag you down to the poverty that was my lot then. Now riches have come to me, little one, will you share them with me?"

Lovingly she turned towards him, her hands outstretched, a great thankfulness beaming in her face.

"Yours always, Clement!" she answered, as she laid her head on his shoulder and felt his kiss on her lips.

REPAIRING CABLES AT SEA.

Probably most people suppose that a submarine electric telegraph cable when once laid remains always practically efficient, and, recalling the history of the laying of the first Atlantic cables, imagine that the chief difficulties of telegraphing beneath the sea arise from the danger of the cable parting or giving way during the actual process of laying.

But a cable when once laid is by no means secure, and is likely to be broken or injured in many ways. In the early days of submarine telegraphy it is true that cables were often broken during the process of laying, either from imperfect paying-out machinery or from hitches in the coiling on board the ship; but paying-out gear is now so perfect, and cables are so carefully coiled in the tanks of the ships, which are often built for this special work, that failures in laying a cable are not nearly so numerous as they used to be.

After a cable is down in its place, however, it is exposed to many dangers; and if it is once injured, it can only be repaired by being brought to the surface, in order that the injured portion may be cut out and a new piece inserted.

Cables may be injured in many ways. The shore end, which is laid in shallow water, may be either cut by the dragging of ship's anchors across it, or frayed by the motion of the sea continually rolling it on the bottom.

A cable in that position may, however, usually be very easily raised by underrunning it from the shore; but when sand or mud has accumulated above it, it is sometimes difficult to raise it from its bed, and in such cases strong supports which carry stout tackle have to be set up where a boat would not afford sufficient purchase. In deep water a cable may be injured by chemical action eating into it, or by the inequalities of the bottom causing a strain which results in a fracture. Such inequalities often occur where coral reefs are found.

When a cable breaks down, the electrician is sent for; and he first determines from the station ashore, by means of his instruments, the whereabouts of the fault. The line of the cable has been carefully marked on the chart when it was first laid down; so, when the place of injury has been determined, the ship proceeds the required distance, allowance being made for the slack, usually from ten to fifteen per cent., according to the known depth of the water.

And now the real work commences. If the fault is near the land, the position is further determined by bearings; but if the ship is out of sight of land, the usual observations have to be made by the sun and stars, and have in this case to be made with great accuracy.

A sounding is then taken to measure the depth, and a mark-buoy is put down in the following manner. A mushroom anchor is lowered, to which are attached a short piece of chain, and a stout rope constructed of hemp and wire of the required length.

At the end of the rope is fixed a large buoy, surmounted by a flag-staff, on which is fixed a flag or wicker-work cone, which can be seen in clear weather and smooth water at a distance of from four to five miles. The ship then goes to the right or left of the line of cable and proceeds to grapple.

Various classes of grapnels are used, according to the depth of water and the state of the bottom. If the depth is very great, a grapnel has sometimes to be used which grips and cuts the cable at the same time, so that only half the weight of it has to be raised.

On rocky bottoms, a 'centipede' grapnel is used, which is a sort of long iron bar set with short prong from four to ten in number; but on a muddy bottom an ordinary grapnel with long prongs can be used.

Grappling may be described as fishing on a large scale, the fishing-line being a strong rope of wire and hemp capable of bearing a weight of several tons. When the grapnel is down, the ship steams slowly across the line of cable, the officer in charge either sitting on the rope or feeling it with his hands until he gets a bite.

These bites vary in quality; but an experienced hand will soon know whether he has touched the cable, or only hooked a rock or some other obstruction. A hold on a large rock will, however, sometimes pitch the man in charge from his post, unless he is on the alert.

There is an instrument called a 'dynamometer,' through which is passed the rope to which the grapnel hangs. The instrument records the amount of strain, on a dial; and if a severe strain is indicated, more rope is at once paid out, to prevent a break. The best indication of a true bite is a gradual and increasing strain.

Of course grappling can only be carried on in fine weather, and even then the ship may cross and recross the line of the cable for days and even weeks before a successful hook is made. This important preliminary having been accomplished, the next thing is to raise the cable to the surface.

This is done in the following way: The picking-up gear, which is of course worked by steam, is set in motion, and the ship is, as far as possible, kept in such a position that the grapnel rope hangs down in a perpendicular direction.

All the time that the process of picking-up is going on, the dynamometer is carefully watched, and if too great a strain is indicated, the machinery must be stopped. It sometimes takes three or four hours to raise the cable to the surface, and there is even then sometimes the bitter disappointment of the cable parting just before it can be got safely on board.

When the fault is at last reached, if it should prove to be only a bruise or some defect of that sort, the faulty piece is cut out and new piece is spliced in; but if, as is more usually the case, it results from a fracture, the position when the end comes up is carefully observed, and a mark-buoy is lowered. The other lost end is then grappled for as before; and when it has been got on board, the two ends are spliced together, and the cable is fit for its work again.

Scientific and Useful.

To Remove Rusted Screws.—Heat a poker in the fire red-hot, and put it on the top of a screw for a minute or two; then take the screw-driver, and you will easily get it out, if you do it whilst it is warm.

To Clean a Chimney.—To clean a chimney, place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove. The vapor produced by the zinc will carry off the soot by chemical decomposition. Those who have tried the process claim that it will work every time.

Ink on Clothing.—To extract ink from cotton, silk, or woolen goods, dip the spots in spirits of turpentine, and let it remain for several hours; then rub thoroughly between the hands, and it will all disappear without changing either the color or texture of the fabric.

Rails.—A simple rule of determining the number of tons of rails required to lay a mile of track is as follows: Multiply the weight per yard by 11, and divide the product by 7. For example: Take a 70-pound rail; 70 multiplied by 11 equals 770, which divided by 7 gives 110—the number of tons required.

Pneumatic Tubes.—Pneumatic tubes, such, for example, as are at present so largely employed in bicycle construction, are now filled by means of multiplied pressure, a machine having been contrived for the purpose. A series of rubber bulbs, which fit inside of the tire, are so arranged that the outlet of the first is on the under side of the rim, and connected with the first bulb is a valve which allows the air to be sucked in, but not to escape; the air is transmitted to the second bulb, and from that to the third, and so on, until it finally empties into the tire, filling it up with air until it is of great solidity. It is impossible for the tire to burst, as there is an exhaust valve which can be gauged to blow off at a pressure of from one to forty pounds. Although the tire may become punctured, enough air can be pumped in to keep it solid, the air pressure being increased every time the wheel revolves.

Farm and Garden.

Stock.—First-class stock demands first-class management. It is better to stick to scrubs if there is to be no progress or improvement that will permit good stock to give satisfactory results.

Orchards.—Old orchards may not be profitable while a young orchard may pay well. The young orchard will contain varieties of fruit that are preferred by consumers, while the fruit of the old orchard will not sell at any price.

Surcingle.—A home-made surcingle is as good as any and better than a cheap bought one if made wide. Four inches is not an extreme. A hard wood pin half an inch thick should be well sewed in each end to keep it spread. To these pins are attached the strap and buckle for tightening.

Remedy for Burdocks.—It is said that a certain and speedy remedy for burdocks has been found in kerosene oil. A small quantity poured into the heart of a plant, directly after cutting, leaves no trace of their existence save a small hole in the earth where they stood. Refined or crude oil will accomplish the purpose just as well.

Plan for Keeping Hams.—A very good way of keeping hams is to wrap them in strong brown paper so that the ashes cannot come in contact with them. Then pack them in clean, hard wood ashes, in dry boxes or barrels. This will keep well cured hams quite sweet, as the ashes serve as a protection against insects. The boxes should be set in a cool, dry place.

Dry Sand as an Extinguisher.—It is well known that dry sand is one of the best things that can be used for killing the incipient oil fire, and some factories where oil is used have been equipped with pails of this material in various departments. It is now suggested that many dwelling-house fires caused by lamp explosions might be averted by keeping some of the ornamental vases in the rooms filled with sand, so that it would be always at hand and ready for use in case of need. A further incidental advantage of this precaution is that fragile pieces of porcelain by being so ballasted would be rendered much less liable to breakage.

Keep up that Racking Cough at the peril of breaking down your Lungs and Throat, rather let the afflicted immediately resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which cures all Coughs and Colds, and ameliorates all Lung Complaints and Throat-ails.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $3.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

A PLEASANT jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

Boys and Men.

There is a fine saying of the philosophic Lessing, which deserves to be remembered, it is this: "The future of every nation depends upon its young men of nineteen."

It follows, then, that the young men of nineteen depend upon the boys of nine or ten; and thus, reasoning backwards, we prove the truth of Wordsworth's almost inspired verse, "The child is father to the man." And this worthy thought, no doubt original in Wordsworth, may be traced upwards through great John Dryden to the pedant and schoolmaster-philosopher Seneca.

Dryden ejaculates in the prologue of All for Love, "Men are but children of a larger growth;" and in his treatise on Anger, Seneca tells us "they, the men, are but children too, though they have gray hairs, and are of a larger size."

Seeing then that we are one and the same, it does not seem very philosophic for the poets to have wept so many tears over their lost youth, or to be maudlin about their boyhood's days.

"Ah, happy years!" sings Lord Byron; "once more who would not be a boy?" "Think oft, ye brethren," echoes the German, "think of the gladness of your youthful prime; it cometh not again, that golden time."

Even Coleridge, a Christian philosopher, with much faith, prevision, or the faculty of looking forward, looked backward to exclaim, with bitter regret, that the days of youth never come again.

Man is a dissatisfied creature, and there is very little doubt, as a boy, he is often as miserable as when he is a man. It is not in Lear, abandoned by his children, reft of his kingdom, and driven by his own wild frenzy and their unkindness into the storm, that we get the deeper melancholy; we find that in the young Hamlet, prince of the kingdom, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

But it is because boys are subject to illusions, because their days of knowledge are yet far distant, because they laugh at a zany, and think the tawdry gilding of a pantomime equal to the hues of Heaven's sunset, and the garish cheek of a columbine as fair as the beauty of an angel, that men envy them.

The only consolation for us against the stupidity of such envy is the reflection that boys universally envy the men. Manhood, its cares, noble responsibility, its freedom of thought and action, its usefulness, grandeur, and dignity, is before them; and for ever they long to arrive at it.

The first man's collar is a joy; the nasty surreptitious cigar, smoked until nausea and sickness ensue, seems to a boy a wondrous pleasure, and the first tail-coat is a garment of Paradise. Do we envy those illusions—we whose bread is bought with daily care, who are searchers after truth, workers, teachers, and thinkers?

Ought we to envy them any more than we do the eager greediness with which a boy will look forward and accept the half-dollar or the sovereign which his poor mother or poor aunt has saved up for him? Have we not yet learned the golden truth, that it is better to slave for than be slaved for; that it is nobler to give than to receive?

More than one writer combats the notion that boys and men are the same. "Boys are boys," writes one author, in a sentence which sounds very much like an old jingle "boys will be boys,"—"and not little men. They are all alike, except as to the color of the hair or the pinafore." This is surely hastily conceived. There is as much difference between them as between men.

There is this especial distinction, too, between the sexes—that girls, as a rule, being more calmly imitative and impressionable, are considerably more level in their character, and more like each other than boys; and, in addition to this, they are greater in industry, purer, more thoughtful and ductile than their brothers.

A girl seems to know that home is her sphere—that she will one day be a mother and the head of a family, and she readily learns her part, dresses her doll, receives her visitors—her playmates—as if she were a matron, and with marvellous prescience fits herself to after life.

But with the boy, feeling comes to him later in life: pain renders him impatient; sorrow is a bore; tears are an odious sight; for being sympathetic he will be urged to pay his tribute, and he is awkward at grief, for when he weeps he snivels and howls; when he laughs he sniggers or "guffaws." A girl, on the other hand, smiles. The boy breaks later into bloom, unless he is a poet; and the true poet has a woman's heart and a man's brain.

Still it is to that early period, to men and women the most painful—for even the mother's love, though it never deserts the boy, is often chilled and hurt—is to boys the most delightful; and it is to that time, that golden time, and a little later, that the yearning poet looks back. For it must be remembered that beyond that a man's memory stretches not. Who recollects either the joys or the sorrows of his infancy? The fears and terrors of darkness and the night; the hunger and cold which grown-up people know nothing of; the sudden alternations of joy and grief; the eager desire for some wretched toy, gratified, and fading almost in the act of gratification—the soft, ductile brain of boys registers not such follies; and even less than these, when this world is over, will our highest ambition seem to the enfranchised soul. It is not my childhood's days that the ballad-monger squeaks about.

It is the boy, the eager-hearted boy, full of illusions, greedy, brave in a small degree, and generally on the largest side; forgetful, and yet mindful of anything like an injury or slight; avaricious and yet a spendthrift; generous and yet mean; easily moved to one side or the other. Immoral and a robber, ready to prey, like a middle-age knight or baron, on the weak; desirous of easy distinction, and, as we have said, immoral, because he cannot properly judge in what that distinction should consist.

IF you are getting lazy, watch James. If your faith is below par, read Paul. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you feel chilly, get the beloved Disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.

KIND words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

WE should not forsake a good work because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in virtue, truth, and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair.

LIFE is like a game of chess; each one holds his rank according to his quality; but, when the game is over, kings, queens, knights and all are thrown into one common box.

LIFE, to the young, is a fairy tale just opened; to the old, it is a tale read through, ending with death.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

SPANKEY.—There is no reason why May should be an unlucky month to be married in; there is a superstition to that effect in some parts of the country.

PUZZLER.—The word "Childe" is almost obsolete now; it means "a noble person," and was formerly used as the prefix to the name of the eldest son of a family.

W. T. R.—The fife is a very ancient instrument. It was used by the Greeks. The word is in French fifre, in German pfeife, and in Italian piffaro. It is perhaps related to the Latin pipa, a pipe.

R. R.—Dancing, like skating, must be learned by practice. No amount of observation will ever teach it. Round dances are far more in favor than square ones, though word comes from Paris that figure-dances—minuet, redowa, and so on—are the caprice of the hour, the waltz and gallop being one of fashion for the time.

M. D.—The flight of birds has been variously computed. Hawks fly, it is said, at the rate of 150 miles an hour; the common crow at nearly 25 miles an hour; and the swallow at about 92 miles an hour. A falcon has been known to fly 75 miles an hour. The average flight of birds is probably about 50 miles an hour. Fair winds, of course, aid all birds in their flight.

E. H.—The garrote is the mode of execution in use in Cuba and Spain. The prisoner is made to sit in a kind of chair with a high back, to which his head is fastened by means of an iron clasp, which incloses his neck, and is attached to the back of a screw. When the signal is given, the screw is turned several times, which strangles the victim and breaks his neck.

SERIOUS.—Paraffin oil is a good remedy for chapped hands. Rub a little into the skin whenever the chaps appear. Another old woman's cure is successful with many. Wash the hands well in good yellow soap—mottled will not do—and when there is a thick lather on the hands proceed to rub it all in. It will take a long time, but it can be done. Do it the last thing at night, and you will find the hands healed and smooth in the morning.

JUNO.—In women who have an extremely small mouth, there is seldom observed that amiableness of disposition and character which is so frequently found in those who have a handsome mouth of moderate size. It would seem that too small a mouth indicates weakness which degenerates into affectation. And even some females who have an ordinary mouth, when they are going to be affected, always begin by contracting that part.

U. A.—Crows do not destroy grass. The supposition that they do so arises out of the following circumstances: In searching for the grubs which are concealed in the earth, and which are supported by eating the roots of the grass, the crow pulls at the stem of the grass with his bill, and when the grass comes up, the crow knows that there are under it insects which have destroyed its roots, and in this way detects them; but if the stem of the grass is firm, the crow goes to another, and proceeds in the same manner.

JENNY.—Some persons are in the habit of dwelling upon, and greatly magnifying, every little injury they receive at the hands of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those into whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, whilst they are contributing very much to their own personal misery. How much better would it be were such persons to bury their little troubles; or, at least, to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of their conduct, else they would certainly be more careful to avoid it than they are.

FLEET.—It would puzzle you very much to obtain a register of Fleet marriages in London. You hardly seem to understand the conditions of that ancient horror. Rascally persons haunted the taverns, and were ready to marry any man to any woman. Five shillings was the ordinary fee, with perhaps a bottle of spirits thrown in; and no questions were asked. There were women who prowled about to waylay schoolboys, or midshipmen, or any likely youths; and noble families were in many cases involved in wretched trouble through the ignorance of a lad who fancied that getting married was an excellent half-holiday frolic. The women held the fatal marriage lines; and we find that hearings in Chancery were customary every day, while appeals to the Lords were also a daily occurrence, and all to test the validity of marriages which had been solemnized in the villainous dens round the Fleet. Very few novels have survived from those days, but you will find the plots of nearly all turn on the sham marriage. Look at the Vicar of Wakefield, and observe poor Olivia's fate; look at Sir Charles Grandison, and there you learn how deeply this cruel evil affected the nation. Girls with money were entrapped, and silly lads often found that they had sentenced themselves to pay blackmail for life, unless they could buy the dangerous lines at a price. Lord Hardwicke had a desperate fight when he brought in his Marriage Bill and proposed to cut out the canker of the Fleet. The blighting evil died hard, but even conservative England had to give way at last. The effects of the system last to this day, for noble families were ruined, and many poor children found themselves cast out from their inheritance by reason of mad freaks perpetrated in the Fleet long before they were born.

I'M NOW ALONE.

BY C. F.

I saw, my love, the other night
The moon rise o'er the silent sea,
And thought how oft her gentle light
Had risen thus o'er thee and me.

I thought how oft, in years gone by,
Together we had watch'd her ray,
And thro' the azure midnight sky
Mark'd her bold truckless way.

The moon to-night looks on the sea,
And smiles upon that tranquil shore;
But ah! her light seems not to me
The same as when I watch'd before.

Her silver sheen is not less bright,
The same sweet stars are round her throne,
The same soft spell hangs o'er the night;
But ah, my love—I'm now alone!

On A Summer's Day.

BY T. C. L.

"HULLO!"

Ethel Grant, reclining in a cosy angle formed by a tumbled together mass of huge boulders, rearing their rich, red-brown hued surfaces from the sands of the small bay of Intervelochy, on the western coast of Scotland, heard, but took no heed. For nearly a year she had been toiling from morn until eve, attending to other people, as a schoolmistress in a High school at Manchester; now she was enjoying her well-earned, brief holiday rest, with no one to attend to but herself.

It was such a lovely nook, too, she had discovered. So sheltered, the boulders shutting out the shore, leaving the wide expanse of ocean alone visible, with a ship here and there on the horizon. How warm was the sun, how sweet was this luxury of rest. Heart and soul had been weary of the slowly passing days; and now how quickly they sped, all—all too fast.

Her elbow on the rock, her head on her hand, her eyes bent on the fascinating pages of Kingsley's "Westward-Ho!" she might have been taken for a seal, given to studying tailor-made dresses.

"Hullo!"

"That man who is shouting is growing impatient," she reflected, too enjoyably lazy to pay further notice. "Why doesn't somebody answer him?"

"Hullo!"

This repetition was getting annoying, distracting her attention. The voice came from seaward. A boatman, no doubt, wanting hire. With them it is always "a fine day for a sail."

"Hullo!"

Again and nearer. Ethel looked up at last, irritably, in the direction. Yes, it was a boatman. She thought so. Yet he didn't look quite like the usual boatmen. His clothes weren't as if made to fit anybody. Nor was his face like the sun in a November fog. Indeed, he was rather picturesque, and wore a moustache. Whatever was the matter with him? He was gesticulating, and pointing like a human semaphore. Why, it was to her! What impertinence! No; it must be to somebody on the sands.

Lastly Ethel lifted herself more erect, and looked towards them. They were deserted; but she sprang up with an ejaculating of alarm, for the rocks were surrounded, and between her and the shore extended some half-dozen yards or more of water. How foolish she had been, absolutely to have forgotten the tide. That was why the man in the boat had been shouting. He had been trying to warn her. Well, there was no help for it, she must wade through. And, oh, her boots—her dress! They would be ruined.

She began to gather her skirts together, when again she heard the "Hullo!" Looking over her shoulder, Ethel perceived the shouter was rowing faster towards the rocks.

"Stop!" he called. "Wait a moment—you'll never do it, you know."

"I must try," rejoined Ethel. "Thank you so much for warning me."

"No, no; pray don't go into the water. You can't tell how strong are the currents. Wait. Perhaps I can manage to bring my boat near enough for you to get in."

It was not quite easy, for the waves were rough over the rocks. But he succeeded in approaching much nearer, when he said:

"Can you catch this rope?"

"I'll try."

"Good—skilfully caught. Now you hitch it round that needle of rocks, in this fashion?"

"I'll try."

"Good again. Now," smiling, Ethel noticed it was one of the bonniest, pleasantest, best-looking faces she had ever seen, "Mademoiselle. Try, can you hold it while I try to jump on the rock to you?"

"I think so—I'll try," replied Ethel. Then she could not help laughing, which made her blush. "But the space is so narrow and slippery, please don't fall in."

"You must try and help me not to do so—now!"

As he sprang, Ethel extended her hand. Just for a moment it seemed to touch his, then his slipped away; he was stumbling from the slight foothold he had obtained, back into the water.

With a cry of alarm, forgetful of the boat, Ethel seized him with both hands and for a second clasped in each other's arms, they stood, trying to maintain their balance.

Strange, but that trifling incident, that one tiny space of time, was the great turning point of both their lives.

"Thank you very much," said the young fellow, reluctantly, it seemed, letting her go. "Only you should not have done that. I might have dragged you in."

"I only thought of you," rejoined Ethel, simply. "But, oh, dear, what have I done?" she added, in dismay. "The boat!"

The boat, indeed. The rope released, it had quietly unhitched itself, and drifted from the rock. Her companion's countenance for a moment looked grave, then serio comic.

"Well, that's a pretty go," he remarked. "We are stranded, indeed. Fortunately the tide is coming in. It may bring the boat back. If not, I must e'en off with coat and boots, and go after it."

The boat was certainly drifting towards the rocks again. Ethel's companion, kneeling, leaned forward, ready to seize it as it passed.

The girl watched anxiously, almost too anxiously, to note how very well her companion's knickerbocker suit became him.

"I shall never—never forgive myself!" she ejaculated, quite distressed, "for causing you all this trouble."

The young fellow turned his face up towards her with one of the sunniest, most amused of smiles upon his lips.

"Oh, but I like it," he said; and there was something in his glance that made Ethel laugh again, and blush, and mentally reflect that she rather liked the fun too.

"Here she comes," said her rescuer, "Now, please, your hand, just to steady me. Ah, I've got her—no—yes—triumph. We are safe."

In a moment he had drawn the boat close, holding it for Ethel to get in. She had to rest her hand on his shoulder to do so, then he followed, and setting the oars, began to send the boat through the surf. They were safe, and laughing, almost like old acquaintances, at their escapade—these two, who, half an hour ago, were ignorant of each other's existence. It seemed impossible.

On reaching the shore, there were the sands to cross and the cliff path to ascend. As it was the sole exit it was quite in the order of things that they should go together. Before the heights was reached, Ethel had heard that her companion was Ronald McAlpine, only child of Mr. Alpine McAlpine, of Skeydhu, a large estate about a mile inland; that there were plenty of tenants upon it, quite old-fashioned, clannish cotters, bound to their chief, body and soul, also that Ronald had neither mother, nor sister, only a cousin, Laura Ivorthie, who lived with them.

Ethel, on learning the social status of her companion, at once told all about herself, that Ronald should form no false idea of her position, adding that she was there for a holiday, a delightful week of which had already passed.

They spoke with their lips, but their eyes spoke even more.

When they reached the heights, their ways separted.

"Thank you so much," remarked Ethel, earnestly: "I shall never forget what I owe you—never. Good-bye."

"Not good-bye," the young fellow smiled, holding the taper fingers. "In three weeks surely we meet again. At least, I hope so. Therefore, au revoir."

Then they went one north, one south, Ronald McAlpine often looking back, and Ethel wishing much to do so, but daring not because of the proprieties. There might be Mrs. Grundies even at Intervelochy.

Salvation Yeo and Amyas Leigh got very little of her attention that afternoon. A modern form, with bonny face and becoming knickerbocker suit, had usurped her interest. Truth is not only stranger, but, at times, pleasanter than fiction. She sat in her little cabin-like parlor, full of a blended odor of fishing-nets, seaweed, and herrings, and dreamed dreams. She built up castle after castle upon the frail foundation of "if onlies." And in all the building Ronald McAlpine was always present.

What wonder? That day would be marked with a white stone in the young governess' memory. It had made this holiday the happiest, brightest she had ever enjoyed. Yet she sighed. But sighs are not always indicative of sorrow.

When the sunset came with its splendid purples, crimsons, blues, and yellows, and set all the sea aflame, Ethel strolled out upon the heights to watch the sun go down, and the vivid hues change to grays and blacks, then to deepest, clearest blues wherein the stars came peeping out, twinkling, merry little things, like children let free from school.

Still Ethel watched on with a feeling

"Not akin to pain,
But resembled sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

Then suddenly her heart gave a bound, and her pulses beat quicker with unconscious joy as a voice said:

"Reading the stars, Miss Grant?"

And there was Ronald McAlpine again beside her. It was so natural that, he being there, they should talk, and talking—forget time. All was so still. The great, great sea, a dark, far-stretching mystery; the deep blue above spangled with silver stars, and not another soul save those two dark figures on the heights.

Then a light twinkled in the casement of Ethel's sitting-room, and she said, as if but then noting it:

"How dark has grown the night. I think I must go in."

It was natural, was it not—answer, you who are, or who have been young—that they should shake hands and linger yet awhile longer at the little gate? that when parted, a vague want should fall upon them? that in sleep the want should be supplied by the presence of the one they each could not help but think of? Was it not natural, too, that in so small place they should meet and meet again "by accident," though in a few days each knew there was no accident in it at all, but the spirit of love which attracted them?

Was it not natural, too, that one evening, when such another sunset of gold and purples set the west afire, that standing under the shadow of the dark, grand rocks, with, apparently, only the kittiewakes and snowy ptarmigans preening their feathers for the night on the ledges, the sole witnesses, that Ethel should hear the fervent voice of her companion exclaim:

"My darling, I love you. Yes, loved you from the moment we stood side by side on yonder boulders. Your presence has brought to me the knowledge of a brighter life. Do not shadow it. Say, dearest, can you ever love me as I love you?"

After a moment, Ethel, raising her eyes shyly, said:

"I think at that time on the rock my heart must have gone to you as yours came to me, for the world to me has been different, happier since."

At the sweet confession he took her, unresisting, to his arms, conscious that the golden ladders of the sun had stolen from their feet away, that all the west was flushed with sullen crimson, barred by threatening clouds of storm.

They were but conscious of themselves, of their own present great happiness. The darkening day was as sweet to them as golden noon, as they strolled onward along the silent shore, oblivious of the figure which glided from a tiny cave near which they had been standing, and sped away, keeping ever in the shadow of the cliffs.

On, on, she hastened—for it was a woman—up the rocky path, across the heights, entering Skeydhu by a side gate. Here she cast back the black shawl from off her head, disclosing a dark, good-looking face, but thin, eager, and cunning, in expression. Now it was flushed with fury as she clenched her white hands and cried:

"I knew it. I knew it. He loves—loves this girl. Marry her he shall not, if I can stay, and," with low, intense utterance, through her white teeth, "I can! I will!"

* * * * * *

The laird, Alpine McAlpine, sat in the library of Skeydhu, white with fury. He was a thin, spare man, bent of figure, with sharp features, which his niece's, Laura Ivorthie, despite the roundness, the fulness of youth, much resembled; his sparse gray hair fell about his bony forehead, his hands rested like claws on the arms of his chair.

The laird was proud of his long descent, proud of his rather barren estate, proud of his son, who was to perpetuate that race. Proud, too, of his clannish tenants, who considered there was no law on earth but the laird's.

The laird had been indulgent to his bonny, handsome son, nevertheless had always had his will obeyed. Indeed, it never crossed his mind it could be thwarted, perfectly ignorant that there existed one who, while apparently the most humble and yielding of dependants, ruled him entirely by her will—his orphan niece, Laura.

Brought to Skeydhu as a child, educated with Ronald, she had not been long before forming the project of becoming her cousin's wife. Skilfully sounding the laird, she had found the idea would not be distasteful. Where could Ronald seek a bride more noble than one of his own noble race? But what about Ronald's self? Well, who can say what might have been had not Ethel Grant come to spend her holiday at Intervelochy? Now—it was impossible.

To return to the laird. He was not alone. Ronald stood before him, his hand leaning on a chair back, his fair face pale but firm. The laird, as he leaned forward, trembled in every limb.

"I tell ye," he vociferated, "it shall not be. Would ye disgrace your race by taking up with such a girl as that? Flirt and flatter if ye will, if the lassie's pretty; but marriage, no—no! Do ye hear me?"

"I hear you, sir," replied Ronald, quietly; "but I cannot obey you. I love Miss Grant as a man only can love her who is everything to him, and therefore it would be sin did I ever even think of any other now."

"Sin, sin—are ye daft?" cried the laird. "If that's sin, the world's fuller of set than I even gave it credit for."

"One moment, sir," put in Ronald; "you have not yet informed me how this knowledge has reached you?"

"Your love for this Ethel Grant? Doesn't ill news travel fast? and where could be worse news to me? The disgracing of me and every gillie on the estate. It was this wee bit of paper I found on my desk."

He tossed it over. Ronald took and examined it. It was a half sheet of smudgy, crumpled paper, on which was scrawled, in ill-spelt Gaelic the following:

"Laird, there's a southern lassie here, with intent to wed our Mr. Ronald. They meet on the shore, and he vows to make her Mrs. McAlpine. The honor for such a bawbee-less lassie—the dishonor for Mr. Ronald. He'd no do it, laird—he'd no do it."

"Well?" sharply interrogated the laird, peering up at his handsome son.

"I do not know who is your informer, sir," replied Ronald, firmly, yet respectfully; "but it is true. I have asked Miss Grant to be my wife. Had she refused I think I should have taken a leap from Lochy Ness; but she has accepted me, and no other woman will I wed but she."

"What!" almost shrieked the laird, grasping the arms of his chair. "To my very face! Listen to me—if ye wed her I disinherit ye. I cast ye off, soo though ye are, as a worthless branch. Yes, not a penny of mine shall go to keep ye."

"Father," said Ronald, almost tenderly, "there is an affection stronger even than that for wealth, for social position; stronger than that for father or for mother; that is a man's love for a pure, good woman. Were all the ills of life heaped on me I should feel compensated by the possession of Ethel Grant. She works—I will work. Working we will face and fight the world together, happy in being together. Yet I feel, when you see, when you know her——"

"I'll never see nor know the hussy," broke in the laird, furiously; "not a foot shall she put across my threshold. Love! it's all romance and folly, as ye'd find soon eno'. I tell ye ye're daft, and a lunatic asylum, with a strait-waistcoat, wud be the best for ye. I verily believe it's the only thing could save ye. Go—go and reflect seriously. I vow if ye wed the hussy I turn ye penniless from my doors. Go."

Ronald McAlpine paused a second, then obeyed. What had he to say but that which must further anger the laird? Nothing should make him give up his darling, his betrothed.

"Better not further infuriate him," he reflected, as he quitted the house, unaware of the dark, treacherous eyes of his cousin watching him from her room window; "when he's calmer he'll think differently, perhaps. He must pardon in time, and Heaven knows I love him too well not to wish to be friends. I'll wed only Ethel; but for her dear sake, as my father's I'll be diplomatic."

Why should he not marry Ethel, Scotch

fashion, just to ensure the impossibility of their being parted? But the simplest of ceremonies would suffice—then they might hide their time until he could win the laird's consent. If he could but get Laura on his side the thing would be done. Should he take her into his confidence? Well, no—not yet.

That afternoon he was to meet Ethel at a romantic spot, about a mile distant.

Ronald drove there; then with his betrothed, drove five miles further on to a town where he was not known. There was a show place there; in the visitors' book Ronald signed "Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine."

To the "Megg Dobbs" at the inn where they dined, he spoke of Ethel as his wife. He bought sundry little presents, and bade the shopkeepers send them to Mrs. McAlpine at the inn.

Oh, yes, Scotch fashion, they were wedded as legally as the Archbishop of Canterburg could have done it. As they drove back home through the dreamy gloaming, out of which the purple heather gleamed with gem-like flushes, Ronald and Ethel were man and wife.

He saw her to the cottage where she lodged, and there, after a fond embrace, more than once repeated, left her.

Ethel stood at the little gate watching him, scarcely able to realize her great happiness.

Slowly he went through the silvery twilight, frequently turning back, when she felt, "as a whisper in the ear," that he breathed the words, "My wife!"

After, the twilight closed round him. When was she to see him again? When? Why, on the morrow, so Ethel gladly thought, as she entered the cottage.

While they had been so merry and happy away on this strange wedding day, much had taken place at Skeydhu.

For long the uncle and niece had talked of this untoward love of Ronald's. It must be prevented. Oh, yes—prevented.

"It is a disgrace to us all," remarked Laura Ivorthie; "but mostly to you, dear uncle; who have done so much to uphold our name—ours, for was it is not my mother's? Uncle, you must not be weak. For Ronald's sake—yes, for his sake, he must be saved from this southern Circe! You will not hesitate?"

Then, after much doubt doubt, the laird rose up, crying "No;" and Laura, fetching his bonnet and stick, a few moments later, the bent form of the master of Skeydhu might have been seen moving through the grounds to the side gate.

* * * * * *

Sunny was the dawn which broke the next morning, and lightsome was Ethel's heart as she dressed after a night of sweet wakings, and sweeter dreams.

In less than a week her holidays would be over, she would be back at the drudgery of the High school; yet she chirped and sang as gaily as the lark. She loved, and was beloved. She was Ronald McAlpine's wife. No drudgery in the world could depress her more. Besides, was it not only for a little time? Ronald had told her his own story, to excuse that Scotch wedding, which was not quite true. Not a word had he whispered of the anger of the laird.

Early was she out on the heights, on the shore, her gaze turned often in the direction of Skeydhu. But there was no Ronald.

Noon came and passed. Ethel returned to the cottage a little dispirited. Something had detained him, but he would come. Of course he would come. If not now, at dusk, as he had often done.

After dinner, storm-clouds began to sweep up over the sky, all grew gray and chill, and the waves sent up their hollow voices, as they beat at the callous rocks.

Ethel preferred to sit at home watching the coming tempest, rather than go abroad.

About three o'clock, as she so sat dreaming, someone passed the casement. Ethel started up. It was Alpine McAlpine, the laird.

He had glanced in, and his sharp, keen, gray eyes, meeting hers, had filled her with a sudden dread, which increased as she beheld him come through the gate and approach the cottage door.

Doors there were simply on the latch, and he was the laird; so, without ceremony, he walked in, tapped at her door, and entered.

A moment he was evidently struck by the graceful, girlish figure before him. However, he recovered himself before it was observable; and, with a courtly bow, as well as his stooped figure could make it said:

"I am trusting, young leddie, ye will excuse this intrusion; and I'm fearing my errand may be no pleasant one to you nor me, but I come as an ambassador from my son."

The keen eyes never quitted her face, so they beheld the blush on the smooth cheek, the half gladsome light in the bright eyes.

A wild belief flashed into the girl's mind that Ronald had confessed to the laird, who had not been angry, but had consented to the union, and come himself to tell her so.

"Pray will you not sit?" asked Ethel, timidly placing a chair.

Then the belief died out, as she recalled the words, "The errand may be no pleasant one to you nor me." What, in that case, had he come for?

The laird speedily informed her.

"I am told," he remarked, as he accepted the chair, and, his thin hands clasped over his stick, looked across them at her, "that your bonnie face has taken the laddie as laddies will be took wi' lassies, and that there's been, he tells me, some slight flirtation, and bits of love-making between ye."

"Flirtation! Bits of love-making!" repeated Ethel, reddening, surprised, a ring of indignation in her tone. "May I ask if those are the terms your son used!"

"Well, not just. Indeed, he told me that he meant seriously, and wanted to make you Mrs. Ronald McAlpine, with my consent," proceeded the laird. "In fact, he tells me there has been a promise. But it can't be, lassie; the thing's just impossible."

Ethel's cheek went white, her heart sank cold and heavy; she sat down as one stunned.

"Does your son say it is impossible?" she asked, faintly. "No, I'm sure he did not."

"Ye're right. He just said, in his madness, being glamored by your bonnie eon, that it was more than possible. That he'd sacrifice everything, wealth, position, me, his father, to make ye his wife.

"Oh! a rare scene we had last night, I can assure ye, lassie; and ye the cause. Never before have Ronald and I had ill word thegither. He raved and stormed, until I thought Skeydhu would not hold the laddie.

"But I put the matter fair and sensible. I pointed out how it was not a union fit for the heir o' the McAlpines. Then I bade him go to bed, and sleep o'er it."

"And—did he?" gasped Ethel. "No. He could not change."

"Now, that's just what he did do, lassie. The dawn brought wisdom. It often does. He now sees it as I do; but a bit fearful of himself at present, he bade me be the bearer of the news, and to offer you compensation for the marriage ye've missed, lassie. I'll make myself answerable for the money. It'll go towards a tocher when you wed some respectable young fellow in your own class."

"I do not believe it. It is all false," broke in Ethel, rising, trembling with pain and indignation. "Ronald McAlpine never sent such a message to me. As to his money, or your money, I would not touch it. But he never offered it. It is only you who do. You would part us, and you tell this cruel tale to deceive me, and make me think ill of him. But no—no—no, Heaven itself might be false before he. Not until he tells me with his own lips what you have said will I believe. Pray, therefore, leave me. Your presence is as insulting as it is useless."

"I'll obey you, lassie, as that's all you'll accept from me," said the laird, rising with alacrity. "I pity ye. Ronald's been cruelly to blame. He knows it himself, and ye'll wait long, I'm thinking, before he'll have the courage to face ye. Ye'd best treat him, as the rascal deserves; have done with him, and take the sillier."

"Go!" ejaculated Ethel. "If you are a gentleman, you will cease to insult me. Go, this instant!"

And the laird went, whereupon Ethel dropped on a chair, and sobbed passionately for a few minutes.

But after, rising, dashing the tears away, she said:

"It is I who insult Ronald by crying. Do I not know all the laird said is false? Do I not know that Ronald is my husband? Let me wait, and he will be here to tell me all. He will come—he will come—or, kind Heaven, let me die!"

But the hours passed, evening arrived, bringing no Ronald. What did it mean? That was a terrible night to the poor girl. No longer did she dream sweet dreams. Yet she trusted him. Was she not his wife? The next day she heard that Ronald had left Intervalochy.

She did not believe it. They were deceiving her. He would come still. But no; he made no sign. The next day she ventured to question one of the fisher-wives. The same response as before. Mr. Ronald had gone two days ago.

"And," broke in a dark, hard-featured woman, with threatening eyes, "I'd no say it 'ud be a gude thing if ye were to gang too; for I'm thinking these rocks may be dangerous for ye to walk under o' evening, with ye fair face to lure bonnie laddies to destruction. We want na English bluid here."

An angry murmur rose from the rest, before which Ethel retreated, affrighted. It was a threat, a warning.

Alarmed, aware of the devotion of these people to the laird, the next day she started for Manchester, her holiday over. What a holiday it had been. How gay once!—and now her heart was breaking. At every station she fancied Ronald would surely appear. But no; and spiritless, dejected, beginning to trust the laird's story, she returned to her weary toil, only thinking over and again:

"I am his wife—nothing can alter that."

Two months later, there had been no news of Ronald, when Ethel received a letter. Rather an envelope, for it contained but a half page of note-paper, on which was tightly gummed a printed announcement, apparently cut from a newspaper, to this effect:

"Married at the British Embassy, Vienna, Ronald McAlpine, of Intervalochy, to Ada Maud, only daughter of General Duncan."

Then a veil of darkness fell before her eyes, and for weeks she lay ill, unconscious of all suffering, save that of the brain fever which had taken her. She had fought against it, for long, but had broken down at last.

* * * * * *

"Sister Ethel, Dr. Carttar has just called to say a nurse is wanted at once, at 115, Bryanston Square. A case of fever. You are to undertake it, please."

"Very well."

"You can start at once?"

"Certainly."

And rising from her chair, Sister Ethel went to make her small preparations. In less than half-an-hour a cab was taking her to Bryanston Square. Sister Ethel, with a calm, passionless face, very unlike that Ethel Grant, who, eighteen months ago, reclined on that cosy ledge of rock in the sunshine, enjoying the luxury of rest. Equally as handsome, though the cheek had lost its glow, the eyes their youthful sparkle. And the magician's wand which had wrought the change, was—Ronald McAlpine.

A long illness had succeeded the receipt of the marriage announcement. For long the veil of darkness which had fallen over her mental faculties, remained unlifted. When it was, Ethel found herself in a hospital, attended by a Sister, whose eyes told of a past sadness, even as did her own.

Perhaps it was this that drew them together, for they soon were friends, and the result was, that directly Ethel was convalescent, she became a sick nurse in the same Home.

Nothing soothes the sorrow-stricken so much as the devoting themselves to ameliorate the sufferings of others. Ethel, putting heart and soul into her work—as all must who would achieve success—soon was rewarded by peace, if not happiness of mind.

Of Ronald she had never heard again. Of course he had not sought her. She had not tried to seek him. He had sinned, but his innocent victim—his second wife—Ethel resolved, should not suffer. The secret of that Scotch marriage she would carry with her to her grave.

At times, when she recalled the events at Intervalochy, eighteen months ago, she blamed herself. Had she been too forward? Had she mistaken merely a man's passing passion for love? Had she not so soon yielded to her own, would Ronald's passion have died out? It could not have been very deep-rooted, since so soon he had been persuaded to leave her.

These were long ago thoughts. By this time, Ethel rarely thought about it; and it was far, very far from her mind, when she was ushered into a cosy study in the Bryanston Square house, where, almost immediately, there entered a graceful little lady, so fair, so childlike, and so pretty, that Ethel found it hard to believe that she could be the wife of him she had come to nurse.

"You are the nurse Dr. Carttar said he would send," remarked the little lady, with almost girlish eagerness and reliance. "You look kind—I like your face. You will give him, my husband, back to me, if you can, will you not?"

And the tears starting into the blue eyes, she placed her little white hand on Ethel's arm.

"Indeed, I will try," replied Ethel, earnestly. "Is the case very serious?"

"I hope not. They don't tell me—and—they forbid me entering the room; think of that! I may not see my own husband. And," with a piteous appeal for sympathy, such as one sees in a hurt child's clear eyes, which drew Ethel's heart to the speaker, "it came so suddenly. Mr. McAlpine—that is my husband, was so well, apparently. We had just returned from Intervalochy—that is in Scotland—are you cold?"

Ethel had given a start, then began to tremble as the names fell on her ears. Who was this man she had come to nurse? Who was this woman—his wife?

"No, oh, no," she answered, hurriedly, making a successful effort at self-control, but the sound as of ringing bells in her ears deafened her to what Mrs. McAlpine further spoke.

She heard her say she would see if everything was ready for her, saw her leave the study, all as in a dream. From it, when alone, Ethel swiftly awakened. Where was she? Could it be in Ronald McAlpine's house? Had she been speaking to his wife? No, no, not his wife. That pretty innocent, fond girl was no wife, but——

Ethel uttered a little cry, and put her hands over her face as though to shut out the cruel truth.

Was it truth? How could she prove it? Lifting her head, she gazed helplessly round, and her eyes rested on a cabinet photo, placed in a position of honor. With a cry she ran towards it, breathlessly she gazed upon its lineaments.

They were Ronald's!—her husband's!

The man who had deceived her who had married her, then had left her, and two months later wedded another! Oh, yes, there was no doubt. What was she to do? Her brain was in a whirl. She must go. She must get from the house. It was stifling her. She made a step towards the door, then paused. The influence of that bonny face, those pleasant, merry eyes, was upon her. Her husband! He was her husband. How dearly she had loved him. A longing was stealing over her to see him again.

Why should she not? Why not even nurse him? He was unconscious. He would not know her.

The door handle turned. Rapidly Ethel recovered herself. Mrs. McAlpine entered.

"Will you come?" she said.

And Ethel answered, "Yes."

She followed up the thick carpeted stairs to a door, before which hung a curtain steeped in a disinfectant. Her conductress raised it, saying, with a wistful, touching pain in her eyes:

"This is the room. How I envy you. You may nurse him—I am forbidden."

Ethel could not speak. She entered, and closed the door.

A moment she stood motionless. It was a handsomely furnished apartment. Yonder was the bed. Summoning all her strength, she drew a deep, a dangerous breath in that atmosphere, and approached. Extending her hand she pushed aside the light gauzy curtain, gave a quick, low exclamation, and dropped without consciousness to the floor.

* * * * * *

"It was most singular. Such a circumstance had never happened in the institution previously. Sister Ethel's seizure had been so strangely sudden. Yet not so very strange. There had, unfortunately, been much sickness lately, and the Sister, always so earnest in what she did, had been overworked, perhaps, which had caused a recurrence of an illness which had prostrated her over a year ago."

So said the superintendent to Mrs. McAlpine, when sending another nurse.

"I am so, so sorry, I was so pleased with her appearance," remarked the young wife. "She had such a sweet, kind, good face. You will let me know how she is? Nay, I shall take care to inquire."

That very day a favorable bulletin was given of her husband, and in her gratitude, the now happy little wife did not forget the sick nurse.

"May I see her?" she asked, when she called.

"Certainly; but she is delirious."

So the visitor went into the ward, and stood by Ethel's bed. Soon, as she listened to the words of delirium, the pity gave place to surprise, and after listening more and more eagerly, she cried:

"Oh, I know her! I know her! This Sister Ethel is poor Ethel Grant!"

Once more Ethel came back to consciousness, and her eyes rested upon the fair young wife seated by her bed.

"My dear," smiled the little lady, "can you bear good news? May I tell you

there is someone who loves you very dearly, who has been looking for you for months, waiting for me downstairs?"

"Who?" whispered Ethel. "I—I am strong enough."

"Your husband—Ronald McAlpine."

"My husband?" ejaculated Ethel. "Here!" Then bitterly: "Ah, you do not know!"

"I fancy I know more than you, dear," laughing. "Your husband, Ronald, my husband's cousin, whom you thought was false; but who was true—true as gold."

"True—yet he left me?"

"Rather was taken from you. Listen; a few words will win him your pity, not blame. On that night, after your marriage—see he has confessed all—the laird had him kidnapped, put on board one of his Newfoundland boats, and carried away across the Atlantic. It was months before he was allowed to return. When he did, he proved you were his wife, and set about finding you."

"But that marriage notice?" said Ethel.

"A false one, got printed by Laura Ivorthie, who, thank Heaven, no longer is at Intervelochy, and which she persuaded the laird, whom she ruled, to send. But her influence is over, and Ronald is forgiven."

Ethel closed her eyes, too happy to speak. It seemed so unreal—was it a dream?

A dream? It was no dream a few days later, when, convalescent, she found herself clasped in Ronald's arms, saw his bonnie face smiling into hers, felt his lips upon her brow, and heard the sweet—sweet words she had despaired ever to hear again.

"My darling—my own lassie—my little Scotch wife!"

CURIOSITIES OF PATENTS.

IN any work dealing with the whims and eccentricities of the human mind, a copious chapter might be filled with instances drawn from the English Patent Rolls. The strangest ideas and most impossible schemes are to be found there side by side with inventions which have left a lasting mark in the history of human progress.

Much that is amusing from quaintness of phraseology, or the over-sanguine expectations formed by inventors of the results of their discoveries is to be met with by the most casual reader.

To those who care to look deeper, the Patent Rolls are full of instruction. Many illustrious names are to be found up and down their pages; and in spite of the mistaken views and shattered hopes of many of our early inventors, shrewd "guesses at truth" are here and there to be discerned, and the true interests of science can be seen at the time making a slow but steady progress.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the system of monopolies had become so extended as to a form a crying evil. The whole trade of the kingdom was in the hands of a body of men not probably exceeding two hundred in number, and was to a great extent confined to the capital.

The following examples will give a good idea of their general nature. Political morality as well as political economy would find their rules constantly outraged by these transactions of good Queen Bess, who certainly had a keen eye to the filling of the royal exchequer, and was not over nice as to the means employed. For instance, we find her granting "a license to Thomas Cornwallis only and no other to make grants and lycences for keeping of gaming-houses and using of unlawfull games contrary to the statute of 33 Hen. VIII."

And again the thirtieth year of her reign: "A patent to Sir W. Rawleigh to make licenses for keeping of tavernes and retailing of wynes throughout all England."

In 1598 a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ede Schetts had a grant conferred on him and no other "to buy and transport ashes and ould shoes for seven yeeres." On another the right was bestowed "to provide and bring in all Spanish wools for making of felte hatts for twenty yeeres."

Monopolies embraced a wide variety of subjects, for instance: "to make spangles," "To print the Psalms of David," "To print Cornelius Tacitus," "To printe all manner of songs in parts," "To make glasses!" and so on.

Among the early entries is an amusing one granted in 1632 for "a fish-call, or a looking-glasse for fishes in the sea, very useful for the fishers to call the kinde of fishes to their nets, spears, or hookes." Fishes, then, like the rest of us, have their weak points, it would seem, among which not the least is vanity. Fancy a respectable old sole or elderly conger being taken by such a transparent device! No doubt, however, the largest take was among the females, who could not resist a peep.

The manufacture of soap might not be considered an occupation fit for a knight, yet in 1622 a special privilege was granted to Sir Edmund Harewell, Sir Cary Raleigh, and others, "to use within the realme of Ireland the misteric and trade of makinge all manner of soapes, and also of makinge of soape-ashes, pott-ashes, etc."

History does not relate whether Pat took kindly to this new luxury, or whether these worthy knights found the Emerald Isle a promising field for speculation; but the soap-trade, which did not exist in England till the sixteenth century, began about this time to assume a growing importance in the national commerce.

The following patent, taken out in 1672, sounds something like a merry go round at a fair: "A speciall lycence to use his new engine teachinge to performe by artificial horses the usual exercises of a complete horseman generally taught in academyes, namely, the running at the ring, throwing of the lance, shooting of the pistoll, and takeing upp of the head."

Tilting at the ring from a hobby-horse certainly sounds rather ludicrous; though we have heard of an artificial horse that went through a series of back-jumping experiments, which were described as infinitely more trying to the seat of the rider than the evolutions of the live animal!

The interest taken, curiously enough, in the reign of that merry monarch Charles II. in scientific pursuits—of which the founding of the Royal Society is an example—is well illustrated by some of the patents taken out at that period. For instance, one granted in 1670 to Prince Rupert "for converting soft iron into steel." He is also remembered in the annals of chemistry for his discovery of the glass "drops" which are still called by his name. In 1678, one to Viscount Grandison "for refining lead ore with coal instead of wood."

A well known name—that of the Marquis of Worcester—appears on the Patent Rolls for 1691 for an invention of a "watch or clocke without spring or chequ or any other kind of windage upp: also to make an engine applyable to any coach, by which a child of six yeares old may secure from danger all in the coach, and the coachman himself, though the horse become never so unruly."

What an invaluable "engine" this would be in the present state of traffic in the metropolis—during the passing by of a "demonstration," let us say, or when in the vicinity of brass bands, and on many other occasions which may be left to the imagination of the reader, when horses are wont to become "never so unruly."

Passing to another subject, the dress of the ladies in the early years of the last century is amusingly illustrated by the following entry in 1737: "A grant unto Jane Vanef, widow, and hoop petticoat maker, of the sole use and benefit of her new invention of a machine or joint hoops so contrived that she can bring an hoop-coat of four yards wide into the compass of two yards or less, for ladies to go into coaches and chaires without any manner of trouble or inconvenience."

Patents for brewing and distilling processes are pretty frequent, but do not, as a rule, possess any peculiar features. The idea of improving the quality of fermented and distilled liquors by passing a current of electricity through the liquor is rather curious. A patent was taken out this for in 1843.

The following is a good example of old-fashioned political economy, innocent of Adam Smith or J. S. Mill—namely, a grant in 1732 to one Isaac Rowe of his method of "extracting from blackberrys a spirit equally good and wholesome, and as well flavored as French brandy, the use of which will save His Majesty's subjects very considerable sums of money that are annually sent to France and other countries for brandy." We have heard of champagne being made of gooseberries, and have probably been deceived by the same, but imagine fine cognac from blackberries!

We are so accustomed to regard the lucifer match as indispensable, that we are apt to forget that its origin is very recent. In 1828 we find a patent for matches taken out by one Samuel Jones. The year before, a man named Walker had brought out some called "Congreves," after Sir W. Congreve, the inventor of the rocket of that name. Eighty-four of these were sold for a shilling, and with the box was supplied a folded piece of glass paper. The phosphorus friction match, as we at present know it, was not introduced on a commercial scale till 1833.

Among well-known names appearing on the Patent Rolls we find those of Josiah Wedgwood in 1769, and Ralph Wedgwood in 1783. The latter was granted three patents for "his new invented method of making earthenware." Josiah, who is described "of Burslem, Stafford," took out his patent for "ornamenting earthenware and porcelain-ware by an encaustic gold bronze together with peculiar encaustic painting in various colors in imitation of Etruscan and Roman earthenware." It was in 1769 that he opened new potteries on a large scale in Etruria, in Staffordshire, in partnership with Thomas Bently of Liverpool. Flaxman and other eminent artists were engaged to design and model reliefs, busts, and other designs for this pottery, which attained such a just celebrity.

The names of the chief pianoforte-makers are also to be seen. "John Broadwood of 91 Pultency St, Golden Square," in 1781, then come the "Erards"—Sebastian Erard in 1801, and Collard in 1811. The name of Murdoch, famous in the annals of gas, occurs in 1844. It was Robert Murdoch who practically introduced coal-gas as an illuminating agent in 1798. In 1803 the Lyceum Theatre was lighted with gas; and in 1810 a public company for lighting the streets, etc., are formed. In September 1816 the name of George Stephenson appears in connection with a patent for the construction of "machinery and railway carriages."

The patents in connection with medicine are the least amusing, and will form a fitting conclusion to these extracts. The quacks of former days, as those of our own, seem to have possessed a wonderful command of language and a vast vocabulary. These specific remedies have quaint titles: "Aromatic Ague Cake," "Oriental Vegetable Cordial," "Compound Concentrated Fluid Vital Air" (patented in 1790). In 1786 John Thompson was granted a patent for his new medicine called "Baume d'arquebusade Concentre," or concentrated Balsam of Arquebusade, "which is one of the greatest antiseptic chymical preparations, and the most sovereign remedy externally in the cure of fractures, dislocations, etc., gunshot and other wounds of all kinds; and internally in the jaundice and all bilious complaints, the dropsy, gravel, and worms." What a nice derangement of diseases! With such a remedy at hand, one would have thought that every ill that flesh is heir to would have long since been charmed away. Another ambitious title is attached to a patent taken out in 1850 by "Innocenso della Lena of Mara, or powder of Mar." In 1749 one Thomas Smith of Spitalfields, Gent, took out a patent for his "new invented Medicinal Snuff in curing of disorder of the hypocondriac and melancolly kind."

One other extract is too amusing to be passed over, though it has nothing to do with medicine, but rather with a walking-stick, of enormous capacities apparently, which was patented in 1811 and perhaps came in useful at Waterloo—"to contain pistol, powder, and balls, and screw telescope, pen, ink, and paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils." What an invaluable vade mecum—just the thing for a campaign!

It is astonishing how few words are really needed to transact the business of life, and how often these are called into requisition. Some expert in such matters computes that with 1000 words an ordinary man can transact all the business of life, and of these he commonly uses only 400 or 500, reserving the remainder for extraordinary occasions, when some idea out of the usual line of his thinking occurs to him, compelling an uncommon strain of his verbal resources. In just such emergencies the blessings of slang are manifest, one slang or cant word being made to do duty for a dozen. When he wishes to convey the idea that the weather is extremely cold he says it is awfully cold; a few months later he discovers that is is awfully hot; at dinner his pie is awfully nice; the young lady on whom he called last evening was awfully pretty, and so on he goes, making one word answer the purpose of a whole vocabulary.

An intelligent Zulu recently said to a missionary: "You missionaries trouble us. Before you came our wives got food out of the ground for us, and brought us children and cattle. You make us give up our wives, our beer, cattle for our daughters and want us to spend money—clothes, books and preachers. Life was easy before. You make it very hard."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Two hundred and nineteen deaths from pneumonia and four from genuine "grip" scares the New Yorkers.

The following table gives the assessed valuation of a number of countries. The assessed valuation of Sweden is $3,465,000,000; of Canada, $3,250,000,000; of Mexico, $3,150,000,000; of Australia, $2,950,000,000; of Portugal, $1,825,000,000. of Denmark, $1,850,000,000; of the Argentine Confederation, $1,000,000,000; of Switzerland, $1,650,000,000; of Norway, $1,410,000,000; of Greece, $1,455,000,000.

Grover Cleveland paid out of his own pocket the entire expense of the special train bearing his family and his friends to the Federal Capital on March 3rd. He did the same as to the special train from Albany to Washington on March 24, 1885. He always pays his fare and that of his household on all railroad trips, and their bills at all hotels, as well as for tickets to all entertainments which he or they may attend.

The meekness with which the passengers in a crowded street car will allow themselves to be shut tightly in the car without chance of ventilation except the occasional opening of a door is one of the marvels of public travel. It is often the case that 50 or 60 people are thus penned up, and no one asks for or attempts to secure a supply of pure air, no matter how vitiated the air inside may have become. A delay of two or three minutes arouses everybody in the car, and there is a general eagerness to ascertain the cause, but, cubic yards of impure air will be inhaled by each one without a murmur. Such conditions are breeders of disease, and ought to be carefully avoided.

The English cruisers may have checked the slave trade on the eastern coast, but the caravan route from Central Africa to the shores of the Mediterranean is still the scene of all the horrors of which Livingstone wrote. Mr. C. H. Allen, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, last summer reported that a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco, and of this number 800 to 900 died of thirst in the desert. In another caravan it is stated that out of 800 slaves 600 died, and the survivors were worth little from the privation and hardships of the journey. Mr. Allen says "the desert this year must have proved more than usually fatal, but the atrocity of the trade cannot be ignored." Yet there are Englishmen who call for the abandonment of Uganda and the region of Lake Nyanza, the retention of which would give a splendid vantage ground for the ultimate suppression of the slave trade.

A committee of prominent residents of Union Springs, New York, including several clergymen, who are to assume the exclusive sale of liquor, have issued the following statement: "We will allow no man to pay for another man's drink. We will permit no drunkenness, nor any approach to it. We will allow no one apparently under the legal age within our doors. We will sell to no persons we are forbidden so to do. To certain other persons, their names to be passed upon by a majority of the committee, we will not sell at all. We will not sell spirits in larger quantities than a single glass except on a physicians' order, and of all such sales we will keep a record. These and such other wholesome rules as from time to time we may deem desirable we will enforce. Our entire profits, which will be large, will be handed over as frequently as possible to the town authorities, with the understanding that they will be used for the purpose of reducing the taxation of the town."

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Our Young Folks.

THE SQUABBLING SEALS.

BY SHEILA.

FINNY and Skinny lay sunning themselves on the rocks, in the heat of a sun that never set. It was far, far away north. Above glared the sun—whether it was night or morning you could barely tell; around glittered a steel-gray sea, as far as eye could reach, not a sail in sight. The rocks were quite bare not a blade of green, not a trace of vegetation on which to rest the eye.

And no wonder. Though it was now the middle of July, still within a few short weeks the rocks had been covered with ice and snow. Yet a month or so, and again their winter mantle would descend upon them.

Finny and Skinny were two pups, but the strangest things to call by such a name. They had long fish-like tails, and mild, rather silly-looking, faces, with blinking eyes, as if half blinded by the sunshine, but adorned by a fine pair of bristling moustaches.

Finny caressed his tenderly with one of his flippers, as he basked in the sun, remarking to his brother—

"It's really quite nice to have a rest, and be at home again! I always call these islands home, as we were born here."

"Rubbish!" retorted Skinny, who always made a point of disagreeing with anything Finny said, "I call it very dull here—nothing to eat at all!"

"Well, I'm sure we're fat enough," put in Finny, surveying his sleek furry sides, and giving a snap at his brother. "How you did gorge on those cuttle-fish when we lay so long on those deep seaweed beds. Why should you want to eat when no one else does? We shall begin to feed again when we go to sea once more."

"I don't want to go to sea again," grumbled Skinny.

"That's because you can't swim well yet," laughed Finny, giving his brother a push which nearly sent him rolling into the water.

Skinny barked with rage, and retorted angrily, "It's not my fault that I happened to be born high up on the rocks, and you low down, and so got a chance of getting into the water sooner!"

"Well, papa has promised to teach you to swim soon," said Finny, trying to quiet him; "and I dare say we shall stop and rest again on the Aleutian Isles in November, as we go south, like we did last year. Ah! here he comes."

Papa Seal, hearing Skinny's bark, came hurrying down from the nursery on the rocks above, where he was very busy in keeping intruders off Mamma Seal and her two small black babies. He came scrambling along in a very awkward fashion, half crawling, half shuffling.

"What's all this noise about?" he asked. "Squabbling as usual, I hear, Finny and Skinny. You'll wake the children! You are really old enough to know better—more than a year old. You deserve to be caught and skinned to make jackets, you bad boys! If you don't take care the Polar Bear will get you."

And he growled at the pair, showing his teeth, and then hurried back again, for he saw a neighbor approaching the nursery and bullying Mamma Seal and the babies.

The nurseries were so thick on the rocks that season that the seals were constantly getting in each other's way and annoying each other.

No sooner was papa's back turned than Skinny made a rush at his brother, and, with a bark and a bite, tried to roll him over.

"I told you so!" he snarled, "you've got us in for a scolding."

"But it was you who grumbled," retorted Finny, looking all the while as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"What did he mean by the Polar Bear?" asked Skinny.

"I'm sure I don't know. I never saw one."

"You can't see much, you stupid blinking thing!" said Skinny unamiably.

"Neither can you on land," retorted Finny.

"But we're very good in the water at seeing—especially when there are cuttle-fish to be spied, eh, Skinny?"

"I know what he meant about being caught, though. Grandpapa was caught. So big brother Flopper told me."

"I wish he'd tell me," said Finny; and he hailed his big brother Flopper, who was tumbling about in the sea close by; "Come here, there's a good fellow, and tell us about Grandpapa's capture."

Flopper came near and scrambled up the rocks.

"I will if you wish," he began condescendingly, in a big-brotherly manner.

"But it's rather a delicate subject—poor grandpapa's being made into a sealskin jacket!"

"But how did it happen?" asked the little brothers, both at once.

"Now be good boys, and lie still, and I'll tell you. Be quiet, Skinny, don't snap at Finny. Finny, will you leave off trying to roll Skinny over?"

Peace being established, Flopper proceeded—

"Poor grandpapa was over off the coast of Finland one early summer when the ice was beginning to break up. He fell a victim to his love for music."

"How do you mean?" asked the youngsters.

"He heard the most beautiful sounds proceeding from a ship, the playing of a violin. All the seals followed the ship for miles, listening. But next day, alas!——"

Here Flopper stopped short.

"I hear something," he said, looking alarmed.

Finny and Skinny blinked round them, but saw nothing. Flopper was wiser. He laid his ear down on the rock and listened.

"I was almost sure I heard something," he went on, "but all is quiet now——"

"Do go on!" said Finny.

"Don't snap at my whiskers. You hurt!" whined Skinny.

Flopper continued: "But next day, when grandpapa reached a field of floating ice, he and the rest landed, and lay basking in the sun. Poor dear grandpapa incautiously went to sleep. Then, while he slept, those dreadful tail-less creatures called men came from the ship, and began crawling on their flippers, very cautiously —"

Here Flopper stopped short again, and sniffed the air. Finny and Skinny sniffed too.

"I am almost sure I smell something," said Flopper.

"Nonsense!" cried the others. "Do go on!"

Flopper still looked about him rather uneasily, but the cubs had begun squabbling again, so he continued—

"They came behind poor dear grandpapa, as he was snoring peacefully, and stuck him with a long harpoon, and killed and ate him."

"Ate him? I thought only fish were good to eat!" cried the others.

"My uncle, who escaped as if by a miracle, heard the dreadful men say that grandpapa was very good to eat—so fat. Then they cut off his coat to make a seal-skin jack——"

Flopper stopped short again, and for good this time, for a huge rough hand was laid heavily on his back.

The pups looked round, and (imagine their horror!) there was the enormous white head of the great white Polar Bear peeping over the rock behind them. The rough hand was his gigantic white paw.

Happily for our heroes, the Arctic bear does not hug, he bites, or else there would have been a prompt end of Flopper.

But that young gentleman was very wiry and very active. In less time than it takes to tell he had slipped from under the bear's paw and wriggled down, he hardly knew how, safely into the water.

I need not tell you that Finny and Skinny, young and inexperienced as they were, were not slow to follow his example.

They had seen the Polar Bear at last, and they were likely to know one again when they met him.

For once they quite agreed in their proceedings. They shuffled off together as fast as ever their flippers would carry them, and dived deep down in the water.

After a little while they ventured to poke their noses above the surface for a little air.

A dreadful and hideous roaring struck upon their terrified ears, and they beheld their baffled enemy in a rage, raving and pawing the rocks in a manner terrible to behold.

The seals quickly disappearing under water again. They had quite enough with just a glimpse of him.

Ever afterwards, if Finny and Skinny feel inclined to squabble and fight as they formerly did, and as, I am sorry to say, some naughty children do in their nurseries too, their parents and Flopper have only to tell them that the great white Polar Bear is coming, and they are quite good directly.

FOIBLES.—A wise man hath foibles as well as a fool; but the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed to the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, but concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself which others cannot; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in character which are conspicuous to everybody else. Whence it appears that self-knowledge is that which makes the main difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of that word.

MONKEYS AT HOME.

Except the crocodile and the snake few animals ever venture to attack or interfere with monkeys. The snake is their deadliest enemy, and the larger snakes are often seen winding up the trees where they dwell; nor is there much prospect of the poor monkeys getting away if their enemy can surprise them sleeping. This is one reason why monkeys make their home in the tops of the trees, but they will frequently venture upon the very branches round which the snakes are coiled, and although they have such a dread of the snake their curiosity will often overcome their fear.

On one occasion a professor took a stuffed snake into the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement that ensued was most amusing. He then placed a live snake in a paper bag with the mouth closed in one of the compartments. Presently one of the monkeys approached very cautiously, opened the bag, peeped in, and immediately darted away as though it had seen a ghost.

But in spite of this, monkey after monkey with head raised high and turned on one side approached the mysterious-looking paper bag and took a hurried peep at their dreaded enemy at the bottom.

Some curious looking green monkeys live in Senegal in Africa, and extend as far south as the River Niger, on the banks of which they collect in troops. They have a fondness for particular parts of their forests, and one band will prevent another from entering its favorite haunts.

A strange colony of these green monkeys was discovered by a French explorer in the course of his travels in the heart of Africa.

He came to a place called Komina, which at one time had been quite a flourishing village of some hundreds of inhabitants, but it is now in ruins, and uninhabited excepting by those monkeys.

This curious colony of monkeys reminds me of another in the depths of Africa, which is sometimes called the "Monkey Palace," and at others the "Mountain of Apes."

It is a very high hill rising in tiers or steps on which the monkeys congregate in such large numbers as to literally cover the hill from the lowest step to the highest.

Although monkeys, as a rule, are very fond of causing amusement and fun, in which they much delight, some show a great dislike to being laughed at when they had not intended to be funny.

As an illustration of this a story is related of a pet monkey which always enjoyed being laughed at when he wished to appear comical, but became exceedingly unhappy and sulky if anyone laughed at him when he did not wish to be considered funny. One of his favorite pastimes was catching flies upon the window-panes, but if laughed at when he missed catching a fly he always became angry.

One day, just to see what he would do, his master laughed aloud every time he failed, which this particular day he happened to do several times in succession. At length he became so irritated at his failure and at being made fun of that he actually pretended to kill the fly, then looked up at his master with a grin, as much as to say, "There, I've caught it at last!" So well had he pretended, that his master would really have been deceived had he not seen the fly still upon the window.

On drawing the monkey's attention to it, the culprit, seeing that his trick was discovered, slunk away greatly annoyed at being so completely found out.

DUTY AND PLEASURE.—He who is not satisfied with a sparing measure of condiments to season his food, but takes them in larger and yet larger proportions, will ere long become insensible to any amount of stimulant, and it will lose its savor altogether for him. Now, what seasoning is to our food, that ought pleasure to be to our duty. Let it be sparingly intermixed, and it will give a zest to application; but let it be unduly indulged in, and it will lose its relish. If we feed on amusement, we feed on wind; and sooner or later, satiety and loathing will ensue. He that is simplest in his tastes, and most moderate in his relaxations, will retain the keenest relish for, and enjoy the longest measure of, the sweets which earth can furnish. Drain the cup at once, and dregs alone will remain; sip it gently, and it will last for life.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Buddhists have 32 hells.

Chinese botanists can grow oaks in thimbles.

All the world over there are 98 women to 100 men.

A 10-pound jelly fish weighs about 10 grains when dried.

Pigeons have been used as mail carriers for about 700 years.

The British Isles comprise no fewer than 1000 islands and islets.

A hog was killed in Coweta county, Ga., that weighed 816 pounds.

Texas has 57 counties, each of which is larger than the State of Rhode Island.

A Cincinnati musician has made a violin constructed entirely of aluminum.

Massachusetts is said to be the great shoe producing commonwealth of the world.

Austria boasts of an electric locomotive which will travel, it is said, 125 miles an hour.

Astronomers claim that the temperature of the planet Neptune reaches 900 degrees below zero.

The present year began on Sunday and will finish on Sunday, so that it will contain 53 Sundays.

Anatomists say that the average weight of the circulating blood of the body is about 25 pounds.

A cow at Gainesville, Texas, has an appetite for colored lithographs and post bills, which it seems to enjoy.

The State of Texas allows, it is said, high-toned convicts to hire substitutes to work for them in the convict camps.

A 14-year-old boy who has been attending school at Alliance, Ohio, for the past seven years, cannot even learn his letters.

A slit in a piece of paper, even though it be not more than 1-40,000th of an inch in width, is sufficient to admit light to the human eye.

General Alger conversed with Warner Miller, the other day, by telephone over 900 miles of wire, the former gentleman being in Detroit and the latter in New York.

John B. Roden, a storekeeper at Birmingham, Ala., after listening to a sermon on the evils of card playing, made a large bonfire of all the cards in his store, valued at fully $200.

During the reign of Elizabeth the dudes wore shoes three feet in length, the toes pointed and fastened to the garter with golden chains, to which little bells were attached.

The Rev. M. Ilmebaugh, of Oshkosh, Wis., has preached for 53 consecutive years, and claims to have missed only one Sunday on account of illness during that long period.

A resident of Lancaster, Ky., is reported to have stolen a horse recently and sold it, and with the money thus procured got married. He was arrested shortly after the wedding ceremony.

Two stallions, which had often shown a great dislike to each other, had a terrific fight on the streets of Muncie, Indiana, the other night. Both horses were badly injured, and one will probably die.

The village of Chincoteague, on the Virginia island of that name, is without other government than that of a Justice of the Peace and a Constable, although the place has more than 1000 inhabitants.

A farmer who lives near Angle, North Carolina, has been married for nearly 25 years, and has a wife and 8 children. He claims that there has never been a death in his family, nor the need of a physician for any member of it.

During a thunderstorm at Denver, Col., recently, it is said, a man looking up at the sky remarked, "There is no God. This fear is all folly." Hardly had he uttered the last word when a bolt of lightning struck upon his head, and a few moments later his dead body was carried home.

A Nebraska man, who recently advertised for a wife, said he wanted "a Southern girl who would be willing to demonstrate her ability to cook by preparing a meal in his presence." The advertisement was answered by a young Texan woman, and the man went to her home and watched her cook a dinner, after which they were married.

Tramps who honor the town of Birmingham, Ala., with their presence have a new scheme for securing money. They put caustic on their arms, thus making a sore which presents a terrible appearance; then the injured member is bandaged up, and the tramp goes on a begging tour. It is said that a death has already occurred from this barbarous scheme.

Recent history is full of curious contrasts in the rewards won in the great field of human endeavor. Horace Smith, who invented the Smith & Wesson revolving firearms, died leaving an estate valued at $5,000,000. Orange Judd, who did more, perhaps, than any other man to teach the American farmer how to make agriculture profitable, left a personal estate valued at $150.

NIGHT.

BY LONGFELLOW.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of night,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of Divine skill; yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 370 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes, and certain butterflies 25,000.

M. Pouchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they converse by means of their antennæ. Consequently the activity and strength of insects far surpasses ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can clap its wings in a second. As the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flight we are required to believe 3,600 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupified if it attempts to realize these results.

Toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air.

They subsisted, probably, on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. He asserts that he saw those two worms.

A beetle of the species called capricorn was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth. The wood had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the Affiches de Province, June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have gilded in or received it.

Misson, in his travels through Italy, mentions a cray-fish that was found alive in the midst of a mass of marble in the environs of Tivoli. M. Peyssonel, king's physician at Guadaloupe, having ordered a pit to be dug at the back of his house, was told by the workmen that live frogs were found by them in beds of petrification. M. Peyssonel, suspecting some deceit, descended into the pit, dug the bed of rock and petrifications, and drew out green frogs, which were alive and exactly similar to what we see every day.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpet-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey, and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as the privileged bird. The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted to their safety in no small degree, to a species of pheasants. The bird acts as the sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man, it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed.

The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young, may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivances of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns.

Instances of the effect of grief upon animals are no less remarkable. The writer already cited says: "I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months, on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary which, while singing to a mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female left the nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

Serpents of all species shed their skins annually, like sea-crabs and lobsters.

Turtles and tortoises have their skeletons partly outside in place of within their bodies.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

In South America there is a prolific honey-bee which has not been furnished with a sting.

In the darkest night, fishes pursue their usual movements the same as by daylight.

Seals are as intelligent as dogs, and can be trained to perform many tricks like them.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

If the eye of a newt is put out, another perfect one is soon supplied by rapid growth.

Fishes have no eyelids, and necessarily sleep with their eyes wide open.

Alligators fall into a lethargic sleep during the winter season, like the toad.

The power of serpents to charm birds and small quadrupeds is a well authenticated fact.

Grains of Gold.

The hermit thinks the sun shines nowhere but in his cell.

To read and not to understand is to pursue and not to take.

A great many people forget to be polite at their own tables.

Whatever good we demand of others ought to be found in us.

The best workers are those who have learned best how to rest.

The man who is true to himself is a friend to everybody else.

There is no investment that pays any better dividends than doing good.

It takes contact with others to make us acquainted with ourselves.

To know man, borrow the ear of the blind and the eye of the deaf.

We lose our own possessions the moment we begin to covet those of another.

There is nothing some people are so slow to learn as that they have been humbugged.

The less a man amounts to the prouder he is that some of his ancestors were big people.

An easy chair for a discontented man is something that cannot be found at any furniture store.

It is better to go to bed hungry once in a while than to get up every morning head over heels in debt.

There are two kinds of people in the world. Those who have found out that they are fools and those who haven't.

A true man's allegiance is given to that which is highest in his own nature. He reverences truth, he loves kindness, he respects justice.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.

Femininities.

The most recent oven door is made of glass.

The latest of fashion's foibles is to have the umbrella to match the gown.

The fine laces owned by the Vanderbilt families are said to be worth $500,000.

Curiosity becomes a vice when it is only a craving to learn what is amiss respecting others.

"Does he know who his grandfather is?" "Yes, but he won't tell anybody, I understand."

Skiddle: "How do you know he's solid?" Skaddle: "Because no one ever saw him broke."

In Carlsruhe, Germany, any one who plays on the piano with the window open is liable to a fine.

At a recent dinner the fruit plates were exquisite pearl shells mounted on three tiny silver feet.

"So she is going to marry him?" "Yes." "Does she love him?" "It is impossible to tell; he is rich."

White Pine, Nevada, young women amuse themselves by coasting down the hills seated in rocking chairs.

A Louisiana mother locked her daughter in a room for three days for appearing on the street dressed in a hoopskirt.

It is said that 42 young men of Atchison, Kan., have taken an oath not to be found with a woman who wears hoopskirts.

The wife of a Mr. Carlson, of Renville, Minnesota, has given birth to three sets of twins within three and a half years.

"So Bingdad is married at last. I'll bet he is a No. 1 husband." "No, he is not. He is a No. 2 husband. He has married a widow."

Doctor: "My good woman, does your poor son stutter all the time?" Peasant: "Not all the time. Only when he attempts to talk."

A pet dog, it is said, recently died at Elkton, Ky., from licking its mistress' cheek. She painted, and the poor dog died of poison.

A Georgia paper says that a woman in the North is suing for a divorce on the ground that she was veiled when she was married.

Mrs. Matilda Huntingdon, of New Orleans, a young English woman, aged 38 years, was married for the seventh time a few days ago.

Five ladies-in-waiting to the Empress of China are in Berlin, where they are studying the German language and German court etiquette.

There have been six decrees of divorce granted against five members of the Parker family, of Bellaire, Ohio, within the past 10 years.

The popularity of flute playing as a female accomplishment is assured when it becomes generally known that flute playing cultivates dimples.

The daughter of Charles Dickens says that much of the character of Little Nell was taken from his little sister Mary, who died when she was a child.

Lena Jones, the 15-year-old daughter of Major J. H. Jones, of Cobat, Arkansas, is said to stand but 26 inches in height and weighs only 30 pounds.

A 17-year-old Bellows Falls, Vermont, girl recently placed an advertisement in the papers for a husband, and inside of two days she had received 25 proposals.

A writer in a Boston paper states that books with white and very delicate bindings may be cleaned by rubbing them with chamois skin dipped in powdered pumice stone.

Society man: "My baby had a very narrow escape this morning." Friend: "Indeed! How so?" "The nurse girl thoughtlessly left it alone in the care of its mother."

A Belton, Missouri, woman, who has a penchant for buttons, has employed her leisure time during the past 27 years in collecting them, and she now has 3000 specimens, no two alike.

Miss Mary Winston, who died at Downey, Cal., recently, had been a sufferer from spinal and nervous disease since 1830. She had not been able to walk for the past 51 years, and since 1871 she had been confined to her bed.

A woman went to a police station in Toronto, Canada, one morning recently, and announced that she was going on a tear, and would be in the station house that night. She kept her word and spent that night in the station house.

The Shah of Persia, who has 10,000,000 sterling stored in his palace, has been borrowing money from the State to defray the cost of his summer outing to the distant provinces of his Empire. His suite comprises 10,000 people, including 300 wives.

A female lunatic in England is of the opinion that she is an envelope containing a letter, and with this idea she fixes a stamp on her forehead and imagines that she goes through the post to visit her relatives. The following day she sticks another stamp on for the return journey.

Masculinities.

Many a man who starts off well spoils everything by coming back.

The man who is given to sober reflection seldom gets into a tight place.

An old negro living in Hancock, Ga., is said to be the father of 82 children.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, is only 39 years of age, but he weighs 375 pounds.

Congressman-elect Charles Curtis, of Kansas, was a jockey until he was 16 years old.

Undertake to prove that there is no hell and every mean man will throw up his hat.

The recording angel never strikes a balance on his books by what is said of a man on his grave stone.

There is reported to be a movement on foot in Canada to tax bachelors, so as to drive them into matrimony.

Kier Hardy, the coal miner member of Parliament, still wears dirty miner's clothes and a greasy little cap.

One element of shrewdness is to realize that the man you are dealing with may be more shrewd than yourself.

Cardinal Vaughan, the Archbishop of Westminster, keeps himself in good physical condition by taking a five-mile walk every day.

A New York man locked himself in his room one day recently, sang sentimental songs for two hours and then committed suicide.

A Michigan man quit smoking on the 18th of January this year, and in just one week's time, he asserts, gained four pounds of flesh.

It is estimated that in the United States and Canada six out of every ten young men who have reached the age of 30 years are unmarried.

About the most discouraging thing that comes to a man in this life is the desire to thrash an enemy, coupled with the belief that he can't do it.

An independent man is said to be one who can live without whisky and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a glass.

Perhaps the smallest independent legislative body in the world is the single House of Montenegro, composed of 5 members—1 appointed and 4 elected.

E. Hagood, who has been arrested at Charleston, S. C., on the charge of bigamy, has has 12 wives appear against him already, and several more are expected.

Alexander Kennedy, of Blount county, Tenn., resides in the house in which he was born 92 years ago. He is the father of 26 children, 18 of whom are living.

A widower and son, who live at Tekonsha, Michigan, married a widow and daughter. Both couples have children, who are in a quandary as to their relationship.

Mr. Sharp, of Clarence, Mo., claims to have transcribed the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, his name, address and date on a piece of paper one-half of an inch square.

Laura: "What a quiet young man Mr. Tinpkins is." Flora: "Have you invited him to dinner?" "No, not yet." "Before you call him quiet wait until you hear him eat."

There is a man in Texas who now keeps a saloon and practices law. He has killed six men, clerked in a dry-goods store, served as sexton, preached, and run a gambling saloon.

There is a lake near the Japanese town of Nara in which no person is permitted to bathe, because once, many years ago, a Japanese Emperor bathed there, and the waters have since been held sacred.

The city of Seattle, Washington, will hereafter employ all idle men who wish to work. They will be furnished with tools, and will receive a fair amount of money for every cord of wood they chop for the city.

One of the features at a church entertainment in Alabama was a hugging bee. A man, while blindfolded, hugged his wife for several minutes. When he discovered who she was he got angry and demanded his money back.

In the early days many New England villages were built on hills for safety from Indians. Some of these have been moved down into the valleys. Newfane, Vt., is now miles from its old site, which is absolutely deserted.

The palate of an ox is a dainty. Though it is sold in New York and other large markets, it is chiefly purchased by French or other foreigners, who understand how to prepare it. In parts of the country where cattle are slaughtered for home consumption the palate is usually thrown away.

A young burglar was "tracked" and caught in a queer manner at Silverton, Oregon, a short time ago. He visited a neighbor's granary, filled his sack, but did not notice that there was a small hole in the corner of the sack. From this opening a trail of grain marked his path so that he was discovered and arrested by the police.

ANIMAL WONDERS.

In each grain of sand there are marvels; in every drop of water a world. In that great spectacle called Nature, every being has its marked place and distinct role; and in that great drama called life, there presides a law as harmonious as that which rules the movement of the stars. Each hour removes by death myriads of existences, and each hour produces legions of new lives.

The highest as well as the lowest organism consumes carbon and water to support life and its duties, and it is not uninteresting to glance at the food, the habits, and the ways and means, peculiar to some of the inferior animals. From the petrified ejections we know what such fossilized reptiles as the plesiosaurus, etc., are, and may some day be able to discover the fish and crustacea they hunted down.

Animals, when not living by their own respectable efforts, are either parasites or dependents; many would seem to have positive trades, or are connected with branches of industry. There are miners, masons, carpenters, paper manufacturers, and weavers, lace-makers even, all working first for themselves, and next to propagate their kind.

The miners dig into the earth, form natural arches and supports, remove the useless soil; such as the mole, the chinchilla of Peru, the badger, the lion ant, as well as certain worms and molluska.

The masons build huts and places according to all the rules of architecture, as the bees and tropical ants; there are fish that construct boats that the waves never can upset, and Agassiz has drawn attention to a fish which builds its nest on the floating sea-weed in the middle of the ocean, and deposits therein its eggs.

The wasps of South America fabricate a sort of paper or pasteboard. Spiders are weavers as well as lace-makers; one species constructs a diving-bell, a palace of lace. When the astronomer has need of the most delicate thread for his telescope, he applies to a tiny spider.

When the naturalist desires to test his microscope, he selects a certain shell of a sea insect, so small that several millions of them in water could not be visible to the naked eye, and yet no microscope has yet been made sufficiently powerful to reveal the beautiful variegated designs on the atomic shell.

Aristotle remarked, and he has since been corroborated, that a variety of plover enters the crocodile's mouth, picks the remnants of food off the animal's tongue and from between its teeth. This living toothpick is necessary, as the tongue of the crocodile is not mobile.

The Mexican owl, when enjoying a siesta, puts itself under the guard of a kind of rat, that gives the alarm on the approach of danger.

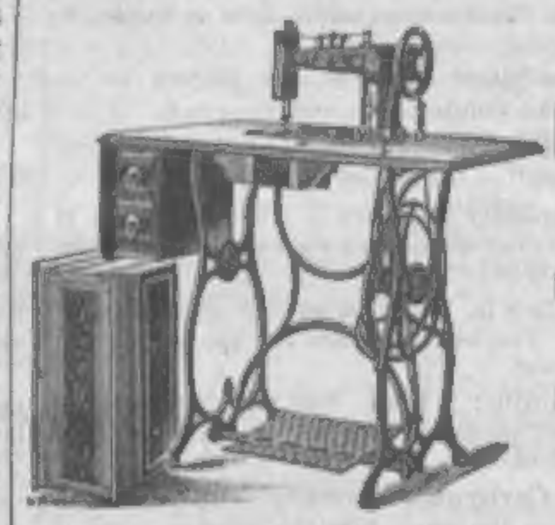
Parasites are everywhere, dependent on no peculiar condition of the body, and are as abundant in persons of the most robust as of the most debilitated health. They are at home in the muscles, in the heart, in ventricles of the brain, in the ball of the eye. They are generally either in the form of a leaf or a ribbon and are not necessarily, as was once supposed, confined to a special animal. The parasites of fish have been detected living in the intestines of birds; and there are some that, for the purpose of development, must pass into the economy of a second animal.

THE AFFECTIONS.—Nothing is more common than to neglect the many small amenities and courtesies of life under the impression that they are needless. Where the affections are very strong they may survive this treatment, though even then much of their delicate fragrance is lost; but where they are of only moderate intensity it is pretty certain to kill them. When visits and letters gradually diminish and finally cease, when reunions are discontinued, when accustomed kindnesses are abandoned and sympathy grows silent, it is inevitable that the feelings which they represent should also decline. We learn to do without them; but, when we imagine that our affections remain unchanged, we greatly deceive ourselves. They are the natural food of friendship, and without it a slow starvation-process is certain.

A PREDICAMENT.—Jason: "I'll be hanged if I know whether it's safer to address that strange lady as "miss" or "madame." Argo: "Why, what difference will it make?" Jason: "Well, you see, if I call her 'madame' she'll think I think she looks so old that she must be married. And if I call her 'miss' she'll think I've spotted her as an old maid, who couldn't get married."

FROM the North to the South Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the preventive of colds.

How to Get a $55 Sewing Machine Free!



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HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER.

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Almost Noiseless.

Highly Ornamented Head Drop-leaf Table with Gothic Cover, Case of Two Drawers and Centre Drawer.

The manufacturers claim for the improved HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER that it is the best machine built. Many years of experience and abundant facilities for the manufacture of Sewing Machines enable us to present a machine that is superior to any in the market.

It has been improved and simplified in all its details, by the best mechanical talent in America, who, with unlimited resources at their command, have combined only that which is practicable, and dispensed with all complicated surroundings generally found in other machines.

It is the SIMPLEST MACHINE, having the FEWEST PARTS, all STRONG, and with CASE-HARDENED BEARINGS. Being free from complication, it is easily cared for, never gets out of order, and is always ready for use. The most inexperienced can readily manage it. It has all the modern appliances and conveniences that go to make it the best.

THE IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER uses a Straight Self-Setting Needle, and makes the double thread "Lock-Stitch." It is the perfection of mechanism for

Hemming, Felling, Binding,
Cording, Braiding, Seaming,
Tucking, Ruffling, Gathering,
Embroidering, Quilting, &c.

It is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloth, and will do a greater range of work than any other machine.

A SPRING TENSION SHUTTLE.

It has a PERFECT STEEL SHUTTLE, open at one end, allowing the bobbin to be inserted without displacing any of the parts, the bobbin holds more thread than that of any other machine, and runs loose in the shell without spring centres or point bearings, thus insuring an even tension.

The SHUTTLE "is a marvel of simplicity."

The NEEDLE IS SELF-SETTING and requires no mark or screw-driver and the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened.

THE DOUBLE FEED

extends on both sides of the needle and permits a greater variety of work than any other. It has great power, and never fails to perform its duty—will feed the lightest and heaviest goods with equal precision, and will cross seams and hard places without changing length of stitch or missing stitch.

LIGHT RUNNING.

On account of the simple mechanical devices employed in its construction the HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER runs lighter and with greater speed than any other machine, and is almost noiseless.

It is the simplest, EASIEST OPERATED, best made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine.

A DEVICE

whereby the bobbin can be wound without running the machine. This saves unnecessary wear of the machine, and the trouble of unthreading and removing work and attachments while the bobbin is being filled.

It is self-threading, both above and below.
It has a Large High Arm.
It is the best finished machine in the world.
It has the best stand—It is the best to buy.
It has the best bobbin winder.

FURNISHED FREE.

The following named accessories are supplied with each machine free: 1 Gauge, 1 Gauge Screw, 1 Oil Can, 8 Bobbins, 1 Instruction Book, 1 Screw driver, 1 Screw driver for shuttle, 1 Hemmer (which is also a Feller), 1 Dozen Needles, 1 Belt and Coupling, 1 Shuttle, 1 Quilter.

Extra Attachments, in Velvet Lined Box, also sent free with each machine.

1 Tucker, 1 Ruffler, with Shirring Plate, 1 Hemmer Set (4 widths) and Binder, 1 Braider (foot and slide), 1 Thread Cutter.

WARRANTY.

The manufacturers not only claim to make the best Sewing Machine in the world, but substantiate their claim by giving a guarantee with each IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER SEWING MACHINE they manufacture, agreeing to duplicate any part that proves defective in FIVE YEARS free of charge [Shuttles, Needles and Bobbins excepted,] thereby proving conclusively our confidence in the IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

The INSTRUCTION BOOK is the most complete and comprehensive work of the kind ever produced. It fully illustrates and explains all the parts and processes.

The Machine will be sent as a premium for a Club of 20 yearly subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST at $2.00 each. Every subscriber in the Club to receive our beautiful premium pictures free.

Sample copies of paper sent to Club raisers on application.

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726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A VALLEY OF DEATH.—A valley surpassing in reality of horrors the fabled region of the upas tree is reported to have been discovered in the island of Java. This island is volcanic, and in one spot the emanations from the interior of the earth are so deadly that the place is called the Valley Death. As the traveler approaches it he is attacked by nausea and giddiness. He also notices a suffocating smell. As he advances those symptoms disappear, so that, after passing through the belt of fetid air which guards the valley, the visitor is able to examine with less risk the spectacle before him. A recent traveler describes the valley as being an oval, about one mile in circumference, and from thirty to forty feet below the level of the surrounding land. The floor of the valley is flat, dry, without any vegetation; and scattered all over it are the skeletons of men, tigers, wild boars, birds, and stags, lying among large blocks of stone. No steam or smoke is to be seen, nor is any crevice apparent in the earth, which appears to be as hard as a rock. The hills which hem in this valley of desolation are clothed from base to summit with healthy trees and bushes. The traveler from whom we have already quoted descended the sides of one hill, with the aid of a bamboo stick, to about eighteen feet from the bottom, and he compelled a dog to go down to the plain. In five seconds the animal fell on its side motionless, although it continued to breathe for eighteen minutes. Another dog died in ten minutes; and a fowl only resisted the deadly air for a minute and a half, and was dead before he reached the bottom. It is believed that the human skeletons are those of malefactors who have sought refuge here, ignorant of the fatal influences of the air they came to breathe. The neighboring mountains are volcanic, but they neither emit sulphurous odors, nor do they present any indications of recent eruption.

ONE of the principal duties of the Russian policeman is to awaken those unfortunates who have fallen asleep in the streets during a hard frost; these are usually either the isvoschik in his sledge, waiting for a fare, and dozing off, ere that fare comes, into the sleep of lethe; or drunken men (all too common objects, alas! in St. Petersburg) who have tripped and fallen on the pavement, and have not the energy to get up again. The orthodox method of awakening such sleepers is to rub their ears violently backward and forward—a plan especially to be recommended, because it not only rouses the slumberer, but also puts him into such a rage that he is far too angry afterward to fall asleep again.

We heard a mechanic say that he would not be without Salvation Oil. It kills pain.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. POSSIBLY you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $40.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

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"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.
"Dec., 28, '01."

"TO N. HELMER ESQ., 13th St. and B'way."

N. HELMER, Chemist,
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FRESH PERIODICALS.

Any one wanting the best selection of the world's latest and finest monthly literature will find it in "The Eclectic Magazine." The issue for March is now out. Published at New York.

ANCIENT BABYLON.—Between 200, and 500 B. C., Babylonia was the garden of the ancient world. The land, surrounded like an island by two of the finest streams in the world, the Euphrates and Tigris—the rivers of Paradise—is truly the gift of both. They flowed with swift current from the Armenian highlands into the sea now known as the Persian Gulf.

In the course of centuries large masses of loam were rolled down and heaped at their original mouths, and this is what we now call Babylonia. It was on this soaked, fat and fertile soil that the oldest authentic civilization, not of Asia merely, but of the world, developed itself. The melting of the Armenian snows caused inundations which had to be checked by damming the rivers with dykes and walls. Canals served for navigation, and also led off the superfluous waters to parts unaffected by the overflow, and developed to such a degree their fertility that wheat and barley often gave the laborer two or three hundred.

Near Bagdad the two rivers are so near that only six hours are required to pass from one to the other. On this tongue of land, which was once a fourth narrower, the great canal system commenced, and by still smaller arteries, the life-giving waters were distributed to nearly every tree.

The district between Bagdad and Hilla (a three-days' ride), was formerly strewed with heaps of towns and villages. To its south, in the very heart of the land, lay Babylon, "the gate of God." Its commercial importance is described, its fortifications, the Euphrates (half a mile wide), swarming with ships of every size, the large Euphrates bridge, built by Nebuchadnezzar, the different quarters and great buildings, the royal bank, where important business, public and private was transacted.

THE DISCOVERY OF SILK AND SATIN.—The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the Emperor of China, Hoanghi, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree and to the keeping of silk-worms. Persians monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of of silk, and gave him some silk-worms.

From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle at Aviguon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians, and Louis XI established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I founded the Lyons silk works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II of France wore at the wedding of his sister the first pair of silk hose ever made. The word "satin," which in the original was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustred surface. The discovery of this particular brilliant stuff was accidental.

Ottavio Mai, a silk weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them to his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads, he repeated the experiment, and by using certain mucilaginous preparations, succeeded in giving satin to the world.

A NEW YORK business-man was cleaning out his desk the other day and tearing up his old letters, when the colored porter, who was in the office, spoke up and said, "Boss, gimme one ob dem letters?" "What do you want it for?" "I promised to write a letter to my old mammy in Norf Car'lina, but, as I hasn't larned to write yit, I can jess send her one ob dem letters you hain't got no use for. Hit will make her feel good, hit will!" The gentleman gave the affectionate son a patent-medicine anti-fat circular, which was duly mailed and addressed.

THE SIAMESE.—The Siamese have a curious way of deciding the truth between two parties in the absence of witnesses. Their plan is to ascertain which of them can stay longest under water.

ANCIENT CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

In early times watches were often made in the forms of skulls and coffins, suggested, doubtless, by the solemnity of the flight of time.

A death's-head watch, which formerly belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed by her to her maid of honor, Mary Seton, on February 7, 1587, and afterwards came into possession of Sir John Dick Lander, is of silver gilt, and is most elaborately ornamented. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer.

At the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion.

The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by the hinge, this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Trinity, angels, and shepherds with their flocks.

The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope which acts as a musically-toned bell, while the dial-plate is in the place of the palate. This curious work of art, which was made at Blois, is too large to be carried as a pocket watch.

Another skull watch, which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, by its inscription and the date, 1500, shows that Francis II, of France, presented it to his young wife many years before watches were supposed to have been brought to England from Germany.

Several other of Queen Mary's watches are described. One in a case of crystal, shaped like a coffin, and another made at Rouen, in which a thread of cat-gut supplied the place of the chain used in the work of modern watches.

Early watches were sometimes so small as to be set in the head of walking sticks, the clasp of bracelets, in rings, or in pendants, and we read of a striking watch mounted in the year 1542. At the Strawberry Hill sale Queen Victoria purchased a little clock of brass-gilt which had been presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII upon their marriage in 1532, for £110 5s. It is now at Windsor Castle, and in going order. It is richly chased and engraved.

The clock placed in one of the towers at the palace at Hampton Court, in 1551, is described as the oldest English made clock extant. When in action it showed the motions of the planets. The dial and several of the wheels attached to the back of the dial still remain.

INNOCENCE.—Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folk generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, do not seek it in the enclosure of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones; but go to the gardens of truth and sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door and it is off for ever. The bird that roams through the sky and groves unrestrained knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

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Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 16, Hammond Bldg., 4th & Vine, Cincinnati, O.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Humorous.

A GOOD COOK WASTED.

She had studied not philosophy, nor had dallied with theosophy,
Which often tries to lift the veil for just a little look;
She avoided the piano, did Miss Ann Eliza Hannah,
And devoted all her intellect to learning how to cook.

With an earnest air and serious she studied stews mysterious
And mastered all the processes of making wholesome bread;
Her pies were each a poem, and, as she would proudly show 'em,
"Oh, how lucky will her husband be!" her friends and neighbors said.

But alas for all endeavor, that for ever and for ever
Showeth fate to be a carping fiend of disposition cruel;
For the fellow that she married by dyspepsia was so harried
That he wouldn't let her cook a thing but toast and tea and gruel.

—E. S. KONS.

Possibly.

"I must have been hunting for a match when I got home last night."

When do two and two not make four? When they stand for 22.

Why is the letter S like a sewing machine? Because it makes needles noodles.

Smith: "How do you spell whisky—k-y or k-e-y?" Jones: "K-y. Same as Kentucky."

Inspector, at the penitentiary: "I understand that measles broke out three days ago?" Warden: "Yes; but the guards caught them."

Mrs. Hicks: "Mary, where is Dicky?" Mary: "Out in the back yard, mum." "Go out and see what he is doing and tell him to stop it."

"Do you go to school, Tommy?" "Yes'um." "Does your teacher like you?" "You bet she does. Every morning most she hates to have me leave, and keeps me in."

"I have just been thinking about George Washington," said Mr. Cumso. "What about him?" asked his wife. "I was wondering if Martha ever asked him if her hat was on straight."

Returned tourist: "Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attention to your daughter?" "Indeed he isn't paying her any attention at all." "Did he jilt her?" "No; he married her."

Emilie, to her sister, at a dancing party: "I do believe that gentleman yonder has designs upon you." Louise: "Come, now, you must be joking." "I am not. I am positive he wants to make you his sister-in-law."

Fond mother: "Ethel, did you kiss young Mr. Jones again last night?" Ethel: "Yes, mamma; he has just lost an uncle, and I was so sorry for him." "Well, Ethel, let this be the last. I'm afraid if you keep on encouraging him with your sympathy, he won't have a relative left in the world."

Wife: "Well, what do you think Johnny wants now?" Husband: "I've no idea." "He wants me to tease you into buying him a bicycle." "Nonsense! He can't have one. Tell him to go up into the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing and save me a hundred dollars."

A boy of seven protested earnestly after his vacation against being sent back to school. "What!" said his father. "Don't you want to go to school?" "Yes, but not to that school." "And why not to that one?" "Because they want to teach me a lot of things there that I don't know anything about!"

Reaching all classes. "Looky here," said the tough citizen, "dis ain't no kind of a country to live in." "Why ain't it?" asked his companion. "De law's goin' in to stop cigarettes." "Well?" "And de last time I recollect it was trying ter stop prize fights." "Dat's so." "Well, what does de law want, anyhow."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Pretty and sensible most of the spring dresses seem to be, and made with an eye to economy and ease in the matter of ironing are those intended for "wash dresses." Many persons prefer light silks to wash goods, no matter how fine and pretty, but there is much to be said in favor of the sweet and clean freshness of a gown that can be washed every week.

I notice among the useful things in many places white socks to wear with colored skirts. They are yoked and belted in, the yokes and belts being of embroidery and the frill being hemstitched neatly. Some of them have a full jabot of simple lace and others jabots of plaid silk or a profusion of ribbons. Some, again, are all white, with only tucks for trimming, made in clusters—three very narrow and one wide. They will probably be much liked for ordinary wear and will make a cool costume even when worn with a woolen skirt.

Another convenient and very pretty style for the coming season, and indeed for the present, is a full waist of plaid surah, opening on one side, where there is a knife plaited ruffle, with 12 small buttons by way of ornament. It joins the skirt under a wide belt of surah. The skirt may have a plain, flat band or a ruffle of plaid surah, or it need not have any trimming. The sleeves may be of surah or of other material, as the taste of the wearer may dictate. These separate waists are most convenient, and they are dressy and youthful, and, above all, they are comfortable.

Another pretty fancy is to have a jacket of black silk, faille or taffeta if preferred, or indeed any silk. The jacket has a reverse collar, not very pronounced, and a short postilion in the back. A full vest, collar and belt are made of some light and becoming shade of silk fulled over the chest by plaits at the top and gathered at the bottom. The sleeves can be made of the same silk, or of material like the skirt, or of some other color. The jacket is outlined with a narrow bead trimming and should be of colors that would harmonize with any skirt. Black and pale blue, pink or tan would be the best. The vest could be made separate, and in that manner give greater variety to costumes, which is a desirable consideration not only because of its economy, but for the pleasant relief from monotony it affords.

DAINTY EVERYDAY GOWNS.

Wash fabrics are so beautiful, so fine and of such lovely colors that it is a question which are to be favorites for summer wear, the light silks and fabrics or the different cottons. I saw recently a gray chambray that was certainly as beautiful as any silk could be, having a rare luster which made it changeable in the shades of gray. This was trimmed with cream colored point de gene laid on flat, with what would be the bottom of the lace turned to the top and stitched down so that it looked like a raised pattern on the goods. The yoke was of the lace over the chambray. The sleeves had the lower part of lace and the upper of the chambray. The skirt was round and full and gathered to a belt. There was a ribbon sash of cream satin tied in front in loops, the ends reaching nearly to the bottom.

Another very dainty gown was of plaid gingham, the colors being gray, green, brown and black, on a very pale gray-blue ground. The skirt was quite plain, with the fulness thrown to the back. The waist was a plain spencer, with a tiny figaro and sleeves of the same plaid, the only combination being a girdle of black velvet, which was removable.

The ginghams are so soft and silky that one would think them at least half silk. They are made of sea island cotton treated in a new way. The colorings are the most exquisite ever shown in such goods. There are some plain ginghams where the only pattern visible is that made by one fine thread crossing another.

Odds and Ends.

ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS OF HOUSEHOLD INTEREST.

The Maine doughnut and the Connecticut cruller are almost identical, but the Maine cruller is much richer and shorter than that made in Connecticut. The Maine doughnut is made with baking powder or soda and cream of tartar—it is never "raised"—and is not shaped like an orange, but twisted or cut out cruller-fashion. The "raised doughnut" is dubbed "Connecticut doughnut" by the Maine folks. Connecticut doughnuts ripen about Thanksgiving time, and the colder the weather the better they thrive—but in some parts of Connecticut doughnuts may be had the year round. I know of several well-to-do ladies who make quite a handsome income selling doughnuts at 50 cents a dozen to people who are delighted to get them, but have not patience or skill sufficient to create eatable ones themselves. These doughnuts are never a drug in the market—the demand is always greater than the supply. I have heard Connecticut people speak of the baking-powder doughnuts as "French doughnuts," but they are not at all valued by those who know the real article.

The following is a good standard recipe for the raised doughnut—though every doughnut maker will tell you her formula is the best:

"To a pint of lukewarm milk add a teacupful of melted lard, and stir into this enough sifted flour to make a thick batter; add a teacupful of yeast, and keep it in a warm place until the batter is light. The batter is usually made just before going to bed, and allowed to stand over night. Work into the batter when light four beaten eggs, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and one of cinnamon or grated nutmeg. When the whole is well mixed together, knead in flour until it is about as stiff as biscuit dough. Cover with a bread-cloth, and put it in a warm corner near the stove. When of a spongy lightness, roll the dough out half an inch thick, and with a cake cutter or small tumbler cut it into cakes. Once more let these remain until light, then fry in hot lard. Take them out in a drainer or colander, not in a pan to drain, and let your assistant roll them while they are hot in pulverized sugar. When properly sugared they should resemble snowballs."

The above rule is slightly varied by celebrated doughnut makers of my acquaintance. One uses half butter and half lard for the shortening—another uses only butter; but the amount is the same. A great-aunt of mine—over 90 years old—prefers a half cupful more of sugar, adds a half-teaspoonful of soda in the morning before kneading, and fries the doughnuts seven minutes. Of course the time depends on the size somewhat, and her cakes are cut out with a wine-glass. Another doughnut-maker increases the sugar to three cupfuls, but allows only three eggs. Another says: "In regard to the yeast—what I mean by a cupful—I soak one yeast cake in a little warm water, and when soft fill up the cup with milk—and that is my cupful of yeast."

Now, there is a good deal in the frying. I have tried to eat these doughnuts when they were scorched on the outside and pasty in the centre; and again I have refused to eat them because they had absorbed so much grease. I knew they were utterly indigestible. I am very fussy when it comes to frying things of this nature, but it is a fussiness that pays well in the end. In the first place, I use plenty of grease—generally lard—but oftentimes the drippings of roast beef or the clear fat skimmed from broth or soup stock when it is cold. To test the degree of heat, throw a bit of bread into the frying fat. If it begins to bubble and boil and fizz go ahead with the doughnuts. Do not be in such a hurry, however, as to put in too many at once, or you will cool your fat too suddenly. But too high a degree of heat must also be avoided—smoke rising from the fat will warn you of that state of things, and the frying-kettle must be drawn to the back of the stove for an instant.

Stewed Fish with Butter Sauce.—Boil parsley, onions, tomatoes and spices. Add fish of any kind. While boiling add a tablespoonful of butter and tablespoonful of blended flour. Boil again for ten minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

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Buffalo Night Line—8.35 p m daily.
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.20 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.30, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Hario.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Hario.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Hario and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,
Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 6.20, 9.20, 11.13 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.20, 5.20, 6.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.13 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.20, 5.20, 6.15 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.20 (Pion or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.20 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.20, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.30, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.02 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT MARKET AND TWELFTH STS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Hario, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Hario and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 9.00, 8.00 8.20, 11.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Greatoch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 5.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 609 South Third street, and 18 south Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1882.

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